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THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

The Index to the last volume is given in this number.

The "Wives of the Cæsars" arrived too late for insertion this month.

We intended to have given a detailed notice of the "Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography" in our present number; but, on consideration, we are inclined to wait until criticism has expended itself, and next month confront the Baronet with the irritable host. We shall then be able to judge between them.

We are much obliged to N. M. for his valuable communication. His papers are safe—he will see that his ground is occupied, that is, with regard to the subject of the paper in our possession. We shall be very glad to hear from him.

DRAMATIC MONOPOLY.

WE perceive that the Marquis of Clanricarde has introduced into the House of Lords a bill for licensing dramatic performances, at other theatres beyond the two patent ones, hitherto claiming the monopoly of that privilege. We are glad to see that the subject has not been allowed to fall to the ground,* and we hope eventually that genius may be emancipated from the ignoble bondage to which it has been too long condemned. We will not at present enter upon a discussion of the provisions of the noble lord's proposed measure for this good object, many of which we confess and consider exceptionable. The main point at present is the grand principle of right or no right to legislate upon the subject, as whatever opposition the bill will meet with will be upon the ground of right, and in defence of vested interest. We are content to view the question in that important and interesting light in the present article. The patentees, like Shylock, "stand here for law," and will have their bond, and proclaim their patents to be invulnerable, sole unique, and eternal. Let us see whether it be "so nominated in the bond."

The two great theatres claim exclusive privileges to enact performances of the stage upon a variety of grounds, which may be reduced to the following two,—viz., 1. The patents granted by Charles II. to Davenant and Killigrew;—2. "An understood compact," according to Mr. Kemble, between whom existing, however, or under what conditions and penalties, does not appear.

The proposals for extending licences for dramatic performances at other theatres, is opposed upon the grounds;—1. That it would be a violation of the long-vested patent rights of the two great theatres;—2. That it would be an infringement of the Royal prerogative. 3. That it would be "a violation of good faith," and an injustice to private property.

These grounds of opposition will be severally replied to, by considering,—1. The nature of a patent as distinguished from an exclusive right; and the power of the crown to grant an exclusive right of the nature claimed by the proprietors of the two great theatres. 2. Whether it is a part of the royal prerogative to grant patents or licences for dramatic performances. 3. The title of exclusive right, particularly as claimed under the patents of Davenant and Killigrew.

I. The king's grants, which are always a matter of record, are always contained in letters patent (*literæ patentēs*), so called, because they are not sealed up, but exposed to public inspection; and it is a vulgar mistake to suppose that the word patent necessarily implies an exclusive right, though in the more common use of the term, in the present day, the king's letters patent are generally understood to confer the exclusive right of using or practising some new discovery or invention on the inventor or originator. In former times, indeed, the king's letters patent were granted to individuals and corporations, conferring upon them exclusive privileges in various branches of

* Since this article was written, the bill has been rejected by the Lords. On Friday last, after a short discussion, Lord Seagrave moved that it be read that day six months, which was carried by a majority of 14.

trade and manufacture, till at length in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., these monopolies were carried to such a grievous height, as to be heavily complained of by Sir Edward Coke, who denounced them to be "against the ancient and fundamental laws of the realm," and "against Magna Charta, because they were against the liberty and freedom of the subject and the law of the land." Accordingly, in the 21st year of the latter prince's reign, an act was "forcibly and vehemently penned for the suppression of all monopolies," enacting (21 Jac. 1. cap. 3.) that "all monopolies, commissions, grants, licences, charters, and letters patent, granted to any persons, bodies politic or corporate, for the sole buying, selling, making, working, or using of any thing within this realm, or of any other monopolies, or power, or liberty, &c. should be void." With respect to the power and all-embracing meaning of this provision, Coke says, "this word (*sole*) is to be applied to five several things, viz. buying, selling, making, working; and using, four of which are special, and the last, viz. (*sole using*) so general, as no monopoly can be raised but shall be within the reach of this statute; and yet for more surety these words (or of any other monopolies) are added."

So hateful had monopolies grown in the eyes of the people, and of the legislature, that the above act was designed to include them in all their possible shapes and varieties. In the next section but one of the same statute, it is declared, that "all persons shall be disabled to have any monopoly, or any such grants as aforesaid;" and not that only, for that monopolists "were to be punished with the forfeiture of treble damages and double costs, to those whom they attempted to disturb; and if they procured any action to be stayed by any extrajudicial order, other than the court wherein it was brought, they incurred the penalties of *præmunire*."

From this act were excepted "patents not exceeding the grant of fourteen years, to authors of new inventions; also patents concerning printing, saltpetre, gun-powder, great ordnance, and shot," as well as grants or privileges conferred by act of Parliament, and all grants or charters to corporations or cities, their customs, &c.

There are several instances on record of the operation of this most important statute. And it was decreed by Judge Croke, and agreed to by C. J. Coke, that "the patent to the College of Physicians, that none practise physic but such as are allowed by them, had not been good, if not confirmed by act of Parliament."

And yet, in face of this statute, and the commentaries upon it above cited, do the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres claim the right of *sole acting* "tragedies, comedies, plays, operas, music-scenes, and all other entertainments of the stage whatsoever," for ever, by virtue of a patent granted nearly two hundred years ago, and which, if it ever pretended to convey such right of monopoly, was in itself *ab initio* and *de facto* void, and liable to penal visitation. But that such was not the intention on the first granting of the patent to Davenant, by Charles I. in 1639, and which is cited and cancelled by the patents subsequently granted by Charles II. to Davenant and Killigrew, is very evident. This patent of 1639, after giving the licence for building the theatre, collecting the company, and acting

the plays, &c., gives authority to take and receive of such as come to witness the performances, "such sum or sums of money as was, or then after from time to time, should be accustomed to be given or taken in other play-houses and places for the like plays, scenes, presentments, and entertainments."—From this passage, it is evident that the original patent to Davenant by Charles I., so far from granting, or even contemplating an exclusive privilege of performance, distinctly recognized the existence of "other play-houses," and "for the like plays and entertainments." This patent was, in 1662, surrendered to Charles II. to be cancelled, when that monarch renewed the grant, in stronger but still somewhat equivocal terms. The grant generally runs "for us, our heirs, and successors;" but in the passage, stating that whereas "divers companies of players have taken upon them to act plays publicly in our said cities of London or Westminster, or the suburbs thereof, without any authority for that purpose," it is simply stated, that "we do hereby declare *our dislike of the same*, and will and grant," that only Davenant's and Killigrew's companies, "and none others, shall from henceforth" be allowed to perform; without any pretence, however, at binding his "heirs and successors" to the exclusiveness of the grant. These words declaring "*our dislike*" of the other stage performances, were evidently very artfully penned; for the King, as head of the peace, had doubtless a right to express his "dislike" of what he might think dangerous or inconvenient to the public quiet; the restrictive passage, however, has never been attempted to be enforced for the suppression of any unlicensed or licensed stage-performances by the patentees, doubtless for the very good reason that such proceedings would at once bring their virtual monopoly into question, and call down the penal vigour of the statute 21, Jac. I., cap. 3. Certain it is, too, that when Betterton applied to William III. for a separate licence, the lawyers of the day were consulted, and they agreed that the grants from Charles II. to Davenant and Killigrew, did *not* preclude succeeding monarchs from giving *similar rights* to others; and a licence was accordingly granted in 1690. We have a later authority to the same effect in Mr. Charles Kemble himself, who conceives that a licence for the legitimate drama granted to another theatre would be a "breach of the understood compact," though he does not think there would be any legal remedy (a breach of contract without legal remedy!), nor that the grant of Charles II. is binding on his successors. Capt. Forbes also says, it would be no infraction of the law, "but only a violation of good faith."

II. The next ground of opposition to the enfranchising of the theatrical trade is alleged to be the infringement of the prerogative of the Crown. How the advocates of this opinion will establish the claim of the Crown to the prerogative of licensing theatrical performances, we are at a loss to conceive. A prerogative, in the words of Blackstone, is "*a special pre-eminence, which the King hath, over and above all other persons, and out of the ordinary course of the common law, in right of his regal dignity.*" And hence it follows, that it must be in its nature *singular and eccentric*,—that it can only be applied to those rights and capacities which the King enjoys alone, in contradistinction to others, and not to those which he enjoys in common

with any of his subjects; for *if any one prerogative of the Crown could be held in common with the subject, it would cease to be a prerogative any longer.*" (I. 239.) Then who could think of viewing in the jealous light of "prerogative," thus nicely explained, the privilege of licensing stage-players—a privilege which, from the earliest period of their occupation, was exercised at discretion by every noble in the land? As early as the middle of the sixteenth century, for instance, we find more than a score of noblemen, Lord Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Robert Lane, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Chamberlain, &c., besides the Queen herself, having their respective companies of players, who performed, "*not only at their lords' houses, but publicly in other places under their licence and protection.*" We gather, from various theatrical records, that from the year 1570 to the year 1629, no less than seventeen play-houses had been built; and that in Shakspeare's time "*there were seven principal theatres.*" These facts are sufficient to shew that the theatrical business, from its first introduction till the renewal of Davenant's patent by Charles II., had never been looked upon as a matter of monopoly, nor of Royal prerogative. But that it is not a matter of Royal prerogative, has been tacitly acknowledged by the simple fact of Mr. Bulwer's bill of last session having been suffered to be introduced into, and passed through the House of Commons, without *previously obtaining the Royal assent to the measure.*

III. We come now to consider a few of the particulars connected with the history and title of the patents under which the two great theatres pretend to claim their exclusive privileges. In 1684, the two patents were united, by consent of their respective proprietors, and the two companies played together at Drury Lane, under the title of "The King's Company." The two patents having thus fallen into the hands of the same parties, there is every reason to believe that they never again were separated; in which case, of course, one of them must have fallen into nonentity by merging into the other. Indeed, that such was always considered the case by all writers upon the subject, appears from the fact that, though the patentees were thus "*doubly armed*" with Davenant's and Killigrew's patents, the united documents of right were only called "*The Patent.*"

But though the two companies and the two patents were thus united in 1684, the union, as far as the actors were concerned, did not long continue. For in 1690, as before hinted, we find Betterton at the head of an association of disaffected actors, applying for and receiving a separate licence, from William III., under which authority they built and opened the theatre in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, with Congreve's celebrated comedy of "*Love for Love.*" In 1704, Betterton conveyed his licence to Vanbrugh, who opened the theatre in the Haymarket with it, and Vanbrugh subsequently parted with the same licence to Swiney for a consideration of 5*l.* for each night's performance. Meantime the "*Patents*" which remained in the hands of the Drury Lane proprietors, at length fell entirely into the hands of the cunning and not over-scrupulous Rich, who, by continued ill-treatment of the actors under his care, at length provoked the indignation of the Lord Chamberlain, who forced him, albeit

armed with two patents, twice to close his theatre, once in 1707, and again by order of the Queen, in 1709, from which latter period his double patent lay dormant, or "under prohibition," till the accession of George I., when his son opened the Lincoln's Inn Fields house, with the "Recruiting Officer."

All this time, however, there had been still two theatres open by licence, viz.—the Haymarket, by virtue of Betterton's licence, and Drury Lane, under Collier, who, having in 1710 obtained a licence, and taken a lease of the premises, had forcibly ejected the aforesaid Rich from Drury Lane theatre, with his patents in his pocket. But this is not all. In 1714, that is, on the accession of George I., Sir Richard Steele, by means of his interest at court, obtained a patent for the Drury Lane company, under the title of the "Royal Company of Comedians," with which he kept the theatre open till 1720, when having given offence in certain high quarters, this patent was taken from him, and renewed to Booth, Wilks, and Cibber; under which renewed licence, and *not under Killigrew's Patent*, Drury Lane has been kept open ever since.

In 1733, Rich, with his two patents, opened Covent Garden theatre; and in 1766, Mr. Foote obtained a licence for the little theatre in the Haymarket, as a Theatre "Royal" for "all kinds of dramatic performances." The old Haymarket licence, that granted originally to Betterton, and afterwards in the hands of Swiney, was in 1792 permanently restricted to the performance of Italian Operas, whilst the patentees of Covent Garden, and the licensed "Royal Company" of Drury Lane, stipulated and agreed never to use their patents or licences for the performance of Italian Operas. Since that date, the exclusive privileges of the pretended heirs of Davenant and Killigrew have been further infringed by the licences granted by the Lord Chamberlain to the Lyceum, the Adelphi, the Olympic, and other theatres; and that without any resistance on the part of the proprietors of the said infallible patents. But another, and the last point that we shall adduce, as tending to show that the patents have really fallen into disuse, or that their powers have been tacitly waived, is, that in 1809, when Drury Lane theatre was burned down, the company repaired to, and performed at, the Lyceum theatre, "*under a licence from the Lord Chamberlain*;" a licence which, if they really did still possess the original patent under which they claim, was quite unnecessary, as it is in that patent distinctly provided that they might act in their own theatre, or in "*any other house where they could be best fitted for that purpose*."

From all that has been adduced, it becomes evident:—1st. That Charles II. could not grant patents of monopoly, valid even in his own reign, and much less valid in the reign of William IV., 170 years subsequent. 2ndly. That the King's prerogative is not infringed by the proposed extension of theatrical licences. And, lastly, That in accordance with these two principles, *all* the theatres, for the last 150 years, have been open by virtue of *temporary licences*, or, as in the case of Covent Garden, which still pretends to hold the two patents, *by toleration*; and not by any sort of prescriptive or "vested right," as asserted by the managers of the two large theatres.

H. O.

THE BEAR, THE APE, AND THE PIG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF TRIARTE.

A BEAR, whose gambols earn'd his master's food,
 (A Piedmontese, who from the Pole had brought him),
 One day upon his hind-legs gaily stood,
 And danced a minuet that had been taught him.

At length being tir'd, to an ape advancing,
 (A connoisseur), said he "I should be glad
 To have your cool opinion of my dancing."
 The ape replied, "Indeed, 'tis very bad."

"Pshaw," said the bear, "you have not done me justice,
 You did not mark my elegance of mien;
 I trip so lightly, that the very dust is
 Scarcely disturb'd, and that you might have seen."

At this a pig, who likewise had been gazing
 On the performance, to the ape made answer,—
 "Your want of taste is certainly amazing,
 I never saw so beautiful a dancer."

Now vanity a medium most dense is,
 Yet by the pig these words were scarcely utter'd,
 Than they pierc'd through to Bruin's better senses,
 He commun'd with himself, and thus he mutter'd—

"I must confess the ape's reproof did raise
 Some doubts within me of the skill I had;
 But now the pig has given me his praise,
 I am convinc'd my dancing must be bad!"

Ye authors, let this just reflection haunt ye—
 Learn ye the truth this fable doth rehearse;
 A wise man's blame is bad enough I grant ye,
 But a fool's praise is infinitely worse.

THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

FROM THE SPANISH OF TRIARTE.

"How is it, dearest?" of the harmless Leech
 Enquir'd the Viper, "Since 'tis doubtless true,
 That the same qualities belong to each,
 That I bite when I can, and so do you:

"Yet man, unjust and inconsistent still,
 Differs in treatment of the two so much?
 He suffers you to bite him at your will,
 Yet starts and shudders at my slightest touch."

"Both bite," replied the Leech—"this much you're right in;
 But there's some difference in our modes of biting:
 My mouth the dying man to health restores,
 While the most healthy dies if touched by your's."

Learn from this fable, readers, then, and writers,
 That though all critics certainly are biters,
 Yet, that a very wide distinction runs,
 Between the useful and malignant ones.

O D E.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

WRITTEN MAY, 12, 1831.

What line of knowledge high
 Is alien to the Muse?
 She traverses both mind and space,
 And thro' the earth and sky
 Her searches can diffuse,
 And thro' all paths obscure and vast her dark pursuits can trace.
 Her ever-piercing eye
 Can penetrate the depths of earth
 And forward draw the gem of worth,
 That buried uselessly did lie 10
 With ray in dross imbedded.
 The quickening beam of life,
 In happy union wedded
 She gives to all the tribes of mind,
 And regions new for haunts can find,
 Where flowers of every hue, in climate kind,
 Spring up in lovely pride, or in bright wreaths combin'd.
 A Bard* of magic strain
 Has sung, that when the great Creator formed
 This rolling orb, and hung it in the skies, 20
 And bade the land and main
 Its limits each retain,
 And plac'd the mountains and the vales,
 And clad with verdure and with woods,
 And pour'd the fertilizing floods,
 That near their narrow channels spread
 Their healthful moisture, and breath'd forth the gales,
 That clear the pests by vapours fed.
 The Muse sat by his side,
 And with congenial rapture view'd 30
 The varied fabric grow;
 And, as the wonders started into life
 Or shape, full notes of triumph tried,
 That through the azure vaults resounded wide,

As, sprung from Chaos rude,
 Order its course pursued,
 And out of elements in strife
 Beauty and grandeur by the spell of hands divine could flow.
 'Tis thus the maid inspir'd could know
 The fountains, and the forms, 40
 Whence this great orb of wonders
 In all its fabric so sublime
 Its smiling lights, its clouded storms,
 Its gentle sighs, its roaring thunders,
 Its change of season, and of clime,
 The beauty, in its living shapes that warms,
 Could know, as present at the sight,
 When all the wondrous fabric issued into light !
 Then why should not this favour'd Muse divine
 All secrets of our mortal state, 50
 Interpret every hidden sign,
 Resolve the knot of each perplex'd debate,
 And where she darts her rays, disperse
 The clouds that human folly breeds,
 The glory of our thoughts rehearse,
 And paint our airy hopes, and sing our worthiest deeds ?
 But in the climes of heaven, in air
 Empyrean who is wont to dwell,
 Too oft with pain alone can bear
 The rude, or vapoury atmosphere, 60
 That tuneless makes her shell !
 A mortal shape she takes,
 And mortal passions in her bosom wakes ;
 And in a nymph-like form
 She comes, the gaze and love of men to warm :
 But sad and sullen droops
 Her spirit at the breath of Vice,
 And, mid tumultuous human groups,
 Her loftiness to guard her wings from wrong can ill suffice.
 She has ubiquity, 70
 And wide as is the world,
 The drops that to her burning vase
 Her magic can supply,
 Are by her mighty right hand hurl'd
 O'er all the globe ; and by the laws
 Of nature to the plastic brain
 Of favoured beings, like the fertile rain,
 To the creative earth bestow'd,
 Till working, swelling, and expanding,
 They the rich elemental treasure goad ; 80
 And by her irresistible commanding
 Form into fabrics, on whose airy towers
 The eye of rapt imagination pores.

But where the seed is sown,
 It is not all delight ;
 Full many a weed is grown
 Amid the harvest bright ;
 And many a cloudy night
 It costs care, sleepless toil, and skill,
 To guard against the deadly blight ; 90
 For in a fickle sky we still
 Our trembling tasks fulfil.
 O, Bard ! on whose renown
 Envy too oft looks down
 With spite, and with affected scorn—
 Full well thou know'st, how deep thou pay'st
 For the light chaplets that thy brows adorn ;
 For every melting word thou say'st,
 An hundred sighs thy breast have torn,
 And many a weary day and night hast thou been left forlorn ! 100
 With all the vulgar storms of life
 Thou ill art fram'd to bear the strife ;
 And shivering at the breeze,
 And pierceable by pelting rain,
 Thou strugglest on in grief and pain ;
 And down beneath the shade of trees
 Afar from human haunts wouldst lie—
 Compose thy weary limbs to rest, and still thy heart to die ;
 For thou art mingled up
 Of thousands of conflicting parts ; 110
 And when thou drink'st the cup,
 And when thou feelst the nectar high, that darts
 Its inspiration through thy veins,
 The conflict, that the drop celestial wakes,
 The very vital spirit takes
 And with the earthly elements a mortal fight sustains.
 From earliest days,
 E'en from the cradle's cries,
 Th' ingredients of unearthly vigour raise
 Contentions, where incessant strife, 120
 The strings of life,
 With unrepaid exhausture tires.
 And yet sometimes to age
 The fight, and courage unsubdued, goes on.
 Thus Milton war could wage
 With Satan's stout rebellious crew,
 Till seven and sixty years had gone ;
 And Dryden's dancing rhymes
 Surviv'd the blight of adverse times :
 His mighty strength augmented with his years, 130
 And scorn'd to let his worn-out limbs bend to the grave in tears.
 What tho' ere youth had fled,
 Byron was number'd with the dead,

As, sprung from Chaos rude,
 Order its course pursued,
 And out of elements in strife
 Beauty and grandeur by the spell of hands divine could flow.
 'Tis thus the maid inspir'd could know
 The fountains, and the forms, 40
 Whence this great orb of wonders
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 Its smiling lights, its clouded storms,
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 And down beneath the shade of trees
 Afar from human haunts wouldst lie—
 Compose thy weary limbs to rest, and still thy heart to die ;
 For thou art mingled up
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 And when thou feelst the nectar high, that darts
 Its inspiration through thy veins,
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 And with the earthly elements a mortal fight sustains.
 From earliest days,
 E'en from the cradle's cries,
 Th' ingredients of unearthly vigour raise
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 The strings of life,
 With unrepair'd exhausture tires.
 And yet sometimes to age
 The fight, and courage unsubdued, goes on.
 Thus Milton war could wage
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 Till seven and sixty years had gone ;
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 Surviv'd the blight of adverse times :
 His mighty strength augmented with his years, 130
 And scorn'd to let his worn-out limbs bend to the grave in tears.
 What tho' ere youth had fled,
 Byron was number'd with the dead,

'Twas not the Muse, whose grief and gloom
 Brought him thus early to the tomb—
 But war and wasteful ire,
 And pestilential fumes of earth,
 That bred the fever's fire,
 And on a strangely-fated birth
 The dire destruction cast, that broke a heavenly lyre. 140
 The bard* of Arun's stream
 Had still prolonged his dream,
 And in Elysian gardens slept,
 Nor in wild fury wept
 His blasted hopes, and with a mangled brain
 In manhood's vigour to the grave descended,
 Had not some fearful stain
 Of earthly elements too sadly blended
 Its gross material poison in the brain
 Of that all-brilliant web, wherein were laid 150
 The gleaming hues of heaven's own light
 In inexpressive splendour bright;
 But thus arrives the night,
 When thro' the blazing skies
 Were spread a thousand ecstasies
 And countless forms of beauty round
 Gay earth's expanded scenery crown'd,
 And in an instant draws the veil,
 And bids the gathering clouds in massy darkness sail. 160
 And thou† on Granta's banks, alone
 Who spends thy melancholy years
 And tremblest at maternal tears.
 In mortal fate thou couldst but see
 That woe was human heritage,
 And melancholy could agree
 Alone with the o'ershadow'd stage
 Where thou wert doom'd thy days to tread,
 And weary out the thoughts thy fears had bred.
 But interminged with the gloom
 Was many a cheerful beam, that led thee to the tomb. 170
 O! eye of exquisite perfection
 That could in Nature's smiling scenes
 View her best charms with magical detection;
 That by a touch could find the means
 To bring before th' enraptur'd sense
 The associate spirit, that from hence
 To visionary pleasure, takes us,
 And with unearthly thoughts awakes us
 Up to ideal quintessence:
 But yet to homely joys descends, 180
 To humblest rural duties bends,

* Collins.

† Gray.

And in the peasant's hut can trace
 The elements of happiness !
 Thou couldst not, in thy deepest grief,
 But find from gifts like this, relief ;
 And if the virtuous heart shall gain,
 For its unmingled purity
 Reward in heaven,—in seats how high
 Dost thou thy lifted rank maintain !
 Remembrance of the groveling crew 190
 Who scorned thee in thy days of earth ;
 Who in their hours of empty show
 Thought meanly of thy modest worth ;
 Who swept along, and would not deign
 Without despite to cast a look,
 Where in thy silent cell
 Thou didst with melancholy dwell ;
 And for thy thoughts, and for thy book,
 The busy crowds of men forsook,
 Where, when ambition's vulgar toil 200
 Rais'd into wealth, and rank, and power,
 The very creatures of the soil,
 That in corruption's sunshine bask their hour,
 Thou wert unknown, unheeded, unbeliev'd,
 But still from secret fountains soothed the wretch whose bosom griev'd.
 The dark despair, by fits
 That sate upon thy brow,
 Was but a fiend, which always flits
 When the muse hears the vow,
 And to the bosom's shrine alights, 210
 And pours her warmth, and gives her visioned sights.
 Then let me turn to thee,
 O ! holy muse : with worship due
 Thine altars to pursue,
 And be thy priest, and love thy beams,
 And never wander from thy gleams ;
 And be thou, in my gloomiest hours, Protectress, kind to me. 217

PRESUMPTUOUS POETRY.*

THE world never produced—shall we except Shakspeare?—a greater man than John Milton. And yet, we believe, that even at this day the English poet is very little known by his countrymen. Accordingly, whenever a new poem appears, purporting to be of a religious nature, we constantly find that our modern critics make a present of his name to the new poet; congratulate themselves on their shew of reading; and rely, confidently enough, on the credulity of the modern book-buying world. Thus, a few years ago, we had Mr. Milton Montgomery, whom, it appears, the present age has already left to the more cool award of posterity; and now, it seems, Mr. Heraud is come with a very important and imposing appearance to assert his claims to the same honour. “I have as much right to be here as you have,” he seems to say, in the words of the man about to be hanged, to his rival, as he stands beside him on the banks of the Lethæan lake; and truly, when we look upon the ponderous performance before us, we are hardly disposed to question his title.

In truth, upon the present occasion, another deceit has been attempted to be played off upon us by some of our modern critics. Another pasteboard watchcase, made for the hour, has been converted by this magnifying medium, into a Westminster-Abbey. We are curious to behold the new leviathan in poetic literature—we expect his appearance,—we hail his approach—we draw nearer—we examine—we touch, and lo! encrusted with an amiable self conceit, protected by a testaceous covering of compressed variety, a Milton—oyster!

It is not to be doubted or denied that an attempt to present the modern world with a second epic, is one of no common difficulty and danger. We cannot conceive a man, even of the very highest powers, contemplating such a work without feeling that he is about to encounter no small share of the one, and is bound to overcome no ordinary degree of the other. Mr. Heraud truly says that “few are the minds capable of appreciating an endeavour so difficult, yet laudable;” but he will not be offended with us if we shew, to the best of our ability, however incapable we may be of appreciating the endeavour, that he has not succeeded in it. He will not deny, in many modern instances, the Epopeia has been found to be a poppy—and that the epic has not seldom acted as *Ipecacuhana*, without, however, its beneficial effects.

When Salmoneus proposed to himself to imitate Jove’s thunder, he found it necessary to call into requisition a vast deal of brass; and we have no doubt that he made a great noise in his time, and by the aid of critics was led to believe himself a mighty clever fellow; in like manner, supplied with a sufficient stock of brass, Mr. Heraud seems to have set about emulating the thunder of Milton.

* The Judgment of the Flood. By John A. Heraud. London, 1834.

But Mr. Heraud may say that we do him injustice—that he has not endeavoured to imitate Milton—but that he has striven to give to his countrymen a poem, which, unlike in other respects, is, or ought to be, considered alike in excellence of matter, and not inferior in execution.

That Mr. Heraud believes that his endeavour has been crowned with success there can be no question; we shall by and bye quote several passages that sufficiently evince his feeling upon that head; but that he can have deceived himself into a belief that he has not at every turn been imitating Milton, in the most slavish, and, to us, obvious manner, we altogether reject as an impossible circumstance.

That Mr. Heraud may have originally conceived his poem, with a determination to emulate, without copying, his great master, we can, perhaps, believe—and that he has applied himself with praiseworthy diligence to laborious study, in order to qualify himself for his undertaking, we can plainly discern; but, alas! of what use is this congregation of faggots without the spark—what are all these enlivened appliances and means to boot, without the *power*—what are these munitions of war—what is this armour—this sword—this shield—without the man?

Milton was a mighty genius, profound and lofty, though not so many-sided as Shakspeare. He reached as near to heaven, though the area of his base was not so broad. Shakspeare was as a vast city—Milton a solemn cathedral. Before he commenced his great poem, his various learning had become fused within him—had made itself, as it were, a portion of his mind. It is a grievous error to suppose that Milton was a laborious writer—there is sufficient evidence to prove that he was not,—even if his works did not at once satisfy the reader of the fact. No less a mistake is it to imagine that his language is stilted or pedantic, as some have pronounced it to be; or that his verse is verse only to the eye—as Dr. Johnson, was, perhaps, justified in asserting, who had no ear.

In a word, the poetry of Milton flowed as freely and spontaneously as that of Shakspeare—in language, which, for strength, force, majesty, and beauty, has never been equalled, and in versification to which English poetry can afford no parallel.

One word as to Milton's versification:—We have said, that it is unequalled. Frequently, however, passages of surpassing beauty, of melody, are to be found in Shakspeare—not seldom in Kit Marlow—sometimes, though rarely, in Beaumont and Fletcher. Coleridge and Shelley alone, of our modern times, have approached these in the harmony of blank verse.

We find, then, in the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, an extraordinary genius, an astonishing extent of learning, a vast command and mastery over all the resources of his own language, and an unrivalled power of versification. We can hardly expect to find such attributes conjoined in any one man again. Which of them, therefore, shall we concede to him who shall aspire to his pre-eminence? In whichever of these Mr. Heraud may be wanting, (and that, compared with Milton he is lamentably deficient, we have no hesitation in assuring him) he

certainly does not lack something which will stand him in good stead in the common affairs of life—that is to say,—self-conceit.

Mr. Heraud appears to have taken it into his head—for how it got there, unless he took it in out of pure charity, we are at loss to conceive—that he is a great genius. He does not leave us to find it out—that were, perhaps, to give us too much trouble; but he flatly tells us so in several parts of his poem. This idea is constantly in his mind, and seems to have lain there for many years, to have grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength; so that, what with clawing all the books together he could lay his hands upon; suddenly bolting all the matters to be found therein, whether farinaceous or such as might perplex the digestive functions of an ostrich, and fancying what a fine thing it would be to be thought a second Milton, Mr. Heraud has at length completed an epic poem in twelve books.

The Judgment of the Flood is a poem, as nearly as conveniently may be, of the same length as Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the latter having the advantage by about one hundred and sixty lines. "It will be found to commence and terminate in vision;" and the method adopted is "that of a circle returning into itself;" on the authority, it seems, of Shakspeare, who says

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

This argument is as good for never getting up to read Mr. Heraud's poem, as it is for deciding the plan of it; and for the method adopted, *viz.* that of a circle returning into itself, it is some German contrivance that we wot not of.

The poem comprehends a period of more than two hundred and thirty years, commencing with the death of Jared, and concluding with the entrance of Noah into the ark. The extreme scantiness of the materials upon which to found an epic poem, to be found in the book of Genesis, has led Mr. Heraud to refer to the apocryphal book of Enoch, translated by Dr. Laurence, to which frequent allusions are made, and from whence many of the characters are drawn.

We cannot approve of the fiction by which Enoch is made to enter up into the Mount for the purpose of receiving the tables of the law, thereby heightening the sin of the antediluvian world, to whom no commandments, direct from the Almighty, were, as we are taught to believe, ever issued at all. Still less do we approve the retrospective effect of these commandments, as shewn upon ten unfortunate individuals whom Enoch selects for that purpose. "Behold," says he,

"The tables of the law of the Most High,
The decalogue of Heaven. God's finger graved
Each statute on the consecrated stone.
Hither, thou trembling sinner. 'Stand thou forth,
And answer for thy sin. What God is thine?'
And he who thus was called upon replied,
'I bow the knee unto the teraphim,
And they have answered me, and made me rich

In herds, and wives, and numerous progeny.
 Their glory is less terrible than theirs
 That flash and fulmine over Paradise.
 To whom the Man of God: Read the command
 'Thou shalt none other Gods to me prefer.'
 Then rolled the thunder louder, and the hill
 More wrathfully cast out consuming flame,
 And lightning smote the sinner to the earth."

In like manner, nine others are catechized and punished, to whom the commandments were unknown.

Mr. Heraud also supposes the birth of our Saviour in those days. He is represented as the youngest son of Lamech, and his name is Elihu. Our readers will remember that this person is a prominent character in the book of Job;—but there is no foundation for the idea—if idea it can be called, which is the wildest and most visionary conjecture, that this Elihu is intended to typify our Saviour. In the book of Job he is called the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram, and his wrath is kindled at the unsatisfactory nature of the arguments urged by the three friends of Job. He, however, refrains from addressing Job until the latter had spoken, "because they were elder than he;" and in justifying his presumption in answering them, he says, "For I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing *my Maker* would soon take me away."

Elihu, however, in Mr. Heraud's poem, is represented as the Saviour, and is a conspicuous character in the poem. By him is the brute creation collected together, previous to its entrance into the ark. Mr. Heraud, however, takes advantage of the conjectural identity before alluded to,—although rather clumsily; by causing several of the characters, including Elihu, to appropriate to themselves the language of the book of Job; we refer particularly to the lamentations of Lamech on the sudden destruction of his whole tribe.

But if this species of plagiarism is admissible on the supposition of Mr. Heraud, that Elihu was our Saviour, there is, nevertheless, no conceivable reason why Mr. Heraud should resort to the book of Job for his poetry, which he has done in several instances, of which three will, for the present, suffice.

An archangel appears to Noah, in the first book, and foretells the approaching deluge. He says

"In the halls of mighty men
 Leviathan disports; no morn have they
 But of his eyelids, neither lamp nor fire
 But of what wrath-breath, scintillant and fierce,
 From his volcano nostrils smokes and burns."

HERAUD.

"By his sneezing a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.

"Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.

"Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or cauldron."

JOB.

In the twelfth book, Mr. Heraud describes the crocodile, which is about to enter the ark. We wish the reader to mark how recklessly

our poet employs the wonderful language of the Scriptures. That which is, in the highest degree, sublime, applied to the leviathan, is made to appear ridiculous when transferred to the crocodile. The whale does not swim like the sprat. Besides, there is no truth in the passage.

“ ——— with fiery eyes
Like to the burnished eyelids of the morn,
Sporting along the deep, beneath him boil
The waves like to a cauldron, and the sea
Froths as with unguents; while his brilliant path
Makes hoary the great waters wrought with foam.”

HERAUD.

“He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary.”—JOB.

Mr. Heraud thus describes two war-horses:—

“Straightway these battle-horses reared their necks,
Doubting the trumpets’ blare with scornful laugh,
Saying, ha! ha! and snuffed the distant strife,
The captain’s thunder, and the shouting hosts.”

HERAUD.

“He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.”—JOB.

But now let us say a few words of Mr. Heraud’s poem, viewed as a whole. The great pervading fault of the “Judgment of the Flood” is its want of intelligibility in parts, and the extremely unskilful manner in which it is conducted. We sometimes are unable to ascertain who is speaking, whether the poet or the character, or which of them; and not seldom, when we have discovered the orator, we know not what he is talking about. Again, several large portions of the poem are occupied with the doings of characters which, in point of fact, do not assist or in any manner belong to the main argument of the poem. We are unable, for instance, to conjecture for what purpose Samiasa was introduced, unless with the view of creating the worst kind of vulgar melo-dramatic effect. Again, Japhet, the youngest son of Noah, is introduced to us very pompously in the first book as a great prophet-sculptor, but dwindles away as the poem proceeds, and we only hear of him incidentally afterwards. Lastly, the several parts are so loosely connected, if connected at all,—there are so many characters in whom we take no interest, and so entire an absence of individuality in every one of them, that we not only find very little pleasure, but lose our very great patience during the perusal of the poem.

But, although as an attempt to supplant, or if not to supplant, to succeed Milton as an epic poet, we consider the “Judgment of the Flood” a most woeful failure; yet is it quite clear that Mr. Heraud entertains no such opinion. Let us admire the modesty with which he invokes the Almighty to assist his great theme: so worthy of Milton the invocation—so pious the presumption, that his prayer has been listened to.

"Omniscient Spirit! Seer of the past!
 Rend, rend the veil; unblasted let me look
 Into the Holiest!—on that dial's front
 Whose hours are ages; bid the sun return,
 That I may read their history aloud;
 Disperse the mist from ocean's monstrous face,
 And purge my sight that I may see beyond!
Prayer hath prevailed. The deep yields up her dead;
 What brings the Spirit to my musing ear?"

Having got through his first book, Mr. Heraud takes breath, and begins to look upon himself as booked for immortality—and not in the dickey. The second book commences thus:—

"To re-create the past, and to create
 Being and Passion for its occupance
 Is mine. What poet but might quail beneath
 The mighty task. What excellence of thought,
 What strength of soul it needs, to wrestle well
 With the ancient of such far-off days obscure!
 Though wounded in the conflict—though my brain
 Be with the effort in the end collapsed,
 Dilated, till enfeebled, then o'erthrown—
 Yet I will on, until it be complete.
 What should I fear to lose for my theme's sake?
 Yea, the great globe is valueless and void!
 My country or the world may guerdon me,
 So let, or let them not; and to themselves
 Be deathless shame, or honour on us both;
 For time discovers truth, and where 'tis due,
 The eternal meed of Fame, though late, confers."

Not an *if* in the whole passage. His success was certain; not a doubt of it so far as he was concerned. "Reward me, and you do yourselves honour; but mark! deathless shame upon you if you do not." The modesty of genius is proverbial.

In the fifth book Mr. Heraud breaks out again. He cannot let himself alone. He speaks of certain warnings:—

"To me revealed by Him, ancient of days,
 Who hath baptized me with the gift of song
 And grace to sing this theme: at first a spark
 Deep buried in my soul, then blazed abroad,
 Wakening a spirit able to support,
 Even to the end, the energy of faith."

The incipient spark thus spoken of, which now, it seems, is glowing away "like blazes," gives occasion to a simile:—A fire burning in a huge forest by a gradual wind is fanned into a conflagration, which, increasing more and more, invests the tops of loftiest trees, with

Cherubick billows—terribly sublime!

But Mr. Heraud has something more to say for himself, and it were a pity that we should deny him the gratification of setting forth his merits at length:—

"Nor had I now so dauntless seized the harp,
 But that, O Wisdom! to this argument

Thy voice excited me while yet a child,
 As once it came to Samuel, in the days
 When open vision was not, and the word
 Of great Jehovah, seldom heard, was dear ;
 And I, like him, made answer, Here am I ;
 Yet wist not whence it came, and thrice deceived :
 But now I know it rightly, and can say,
 Speak, for thy servant heareth ; and will now,
 For thus am I enjoined, tell every whit,
 And nought from Eli hide, or Israel."

And as though this measure of complacent impiety were not full, towards the conclusion of his poem, having described the entrance of Noah and his family into the ark, he adds,

"As for the rest, they to the cherubim
 Bowed down adoring—all save Elihu ;
 Who, to the hill returned, transfigured stood
 In glory ineffable by me. Yet I,
 (The poet of the Judgment of the Flood,
 And of Messiah's going down to hell)
 Looked," &c.

After the perusal of such passages as these, we may well cry out with Solomon, "Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain."

We purpose now to indulge the reader with a few passages from this poem—not the worst, certainly ; and such as will help him to an understanding of the peculiar vices of Mr. Heraud's style, both of thought and of expression. Here is a sample of the hopelessly obscure. We would offer a "king's ransom" for the meaning of the following passage, if we could bring ourselves to believe that the author himself intended that there should be any meaning in it. He is speaking of Methuselah :—

"——— Mysterious man ;
 Nay, an embodied mystery in his
 Identity, to whose him bethinks,
 How hard on earth that absolute to hit
 Of all relations head ; wisest or best,
 Or worst or simplest, in extreme degree ;
 Knowing it is, yet what or where unknown ;
 In all that is, inferring, elsewhere, is
 Still something more above it or below,
 Wiser or better, worse or simpler still."

Nor is the passage we are about to quote much less obscure than the above. The poet is describing the powers of the prophet-sculptor, Japhet. To him,

"The stoic marble was as potter's clay ;
 Save that its sterner volume yielded not
 To change, unequally diminishing
 Harmonious symmetry, proportion bland,
 Compacting solids, till the substance be
 Conflict of dry and moist, receding that,
 And this remaining on the vantage ground,
 Like parted friends turned mutual enemies."

In the whole range of modern poetry, filled as it is to overflowing

with vices of all sorts, we shall hardly find a more sickly specimen of bad taste than the description we are about to quote, which one of the critics was pleased to consider very fine :—

“ Morn hath walked forth, and edged them with the trace
Of her auriferous footsteps, tinged the skies
With her own rose-tipped fingers, and the clouds
Kissed to the ripe hue of her coral lips
The intense suffusion of her lustrous cheeks.
What strife of love is on the orient hill,
Deep blush, and rival ardour of desire !
The enamoured breezes press to her embrace,” &c.

Mr. Heraud appears occasionally to suspect that the too sceptical reader may be inclined to doubt his facts. He accordingly takes the prudent precaution of reiterating an assertion in the most positive and elaborate manner. Take the following agreeable specimen. No one surely will venture, after this responsible and weighty assertion, to question its truth :—

“ And lo, before her Samaisa stands !
She shrieks, and on the palace floor she falls,
Soon at his feet she falls, and there she lies ;
There prostrate at his feet, even where she fell,—
Not dead, but speechless, Amazarah lies ;
At her son’s feet, fallen speechless, but not dead,
The queen lies prostrate on that palace floor.”

Our poet is a great creator of laughter. Far be it from us to intimate that he purposes the reader shall join in the pleasantry he describes. Let us select a few specimens.

At the burial of Lamech, a dispute arises as to the particular method in which the remains of the prophet should be disposed of. A false prophet being appealed to, ridicules the idea of embalming, burning, and burying the dead :—

“ ————— And then he laughed,
So wild, and loud, and long, that all the rocks
And burial places in that field of graves,
Echoed the bitter mockery of that laugh ;—
Loud pealed the same from Jared’s sepulchre,
Mahalaleel’s replied to his dread mirth,
Cainan’s that laugh resounded, and the vault
Of Enoch was alive with that mad voice ;
And Seth’s twin-pillared temple of repose
Was wakened with the hoarse profanity ;
And Adam’s tomb reverberated deep
The cachinnation.”

But what is this laugh to the laughter that takes place in another part of the poem ? The Rephaim, giant twins, having been twice baffled in their attempt upon the life of Noah, turn their rage upon each other. This is the result :—

“ Long time was either by the other held
At bay—their weapons clasped, but to protect
And not to wound—until at length—at length
Dagger of each was close at heart of each,
Mutually crossed ; then each in other’s face

Looked and laughed loud—and, as they laughed, they plunged
 The poinards in—laughed as they plunged them in—
 And laughing drew them out, and, as they fell
 Backward, laughed dying; laughing, so they died
 In ecstasy, both victors, both death-crowned."

This, it must be confessed, is much superior to the celebrated "lock" dagger scene in "The Critic." The cachinnatory contrivance was altogether beyond Sheridan.

We find also a laughing nightingale. Mr. Tennyson was the first, we believe, to discover this strange propensity in birds, and we shall not be surprised if more recent naturalists do not discover for us a tittering tom-tit, a simpering owl, or perhaps a sighing gander. Every one must have heard of Mr. Coleridge's unpoetical endeavour to convert a feeling into a fact, by attempting to show that the note of the nightingale is merry and not sad; Mr. Heraud, unwilling to compromise his opinion, keeps clear of the argument to which Mr. Coleridge's assertion has given rise: bidding us take notice at the same time that he is aware that the question has been raised.

He says,

"The night bird utters her peculiar song,
 Of joy or grief uncertain, and to both
 Strangely attuned."

But he settles the question, too, in another place, in the following impartial manner:—

"And mingled song the timorous bird outpours,
 Weeping forth joy, or laughing in its grief."

This "whichever you please, my good little boy," method of arranging the matter is truly exhilarating to the exhausted inquirer. But this extraordinary nightingale "smiling at grief," and "weeping for joy," is not more marvellous than

"The ass, poetic brute, and dignified
 With great associations."

It is true that many a "poetic brute" is an ass; but we know not what to say to the converse of the proposition. We should like to hear that a *bonâ fide* donkey had taken pen in hoof, and completed a poem, to be called "Balaam, in twelve books, by Edward Bray."

Mr. Wordsworth speaks of "similitude in dissimilitude." The poet before us furnishes us with an illustration of his meaning:—

"——— Like a morning Iris arched,
 O'er the deep music of a cataract,
 The imperial purple glowed about his loins."

Of the admirable propriety of Mr. Heraud's diction, let the following suffice as a specimen:—

"The foot advanced, one steel-clenched fist grasped air,
 The other embraced with violence his brows."

Who ever beheld a horse, whether in real life or in sculpture, with nostrils in this predicament?

"——— The head of that pale horse
 Snorts fire—each nostril to each eye constrained
 In high-disrupting rage dilated, tort."

Or, who can conceive Satan with only one eye?

"And like a blasted orb, once over bright,
His eye, a ruin, burned."

We have advanced a serious charge against Mr. Heraud; we have said that he has slavishly imitated Milton; we should rather have said that Mr. Heraud's poem is full of the grossest plagiarisms from that great poet. It were not decent that such a charge should be unsupported by proof; we shall accordingly cite not a few examples. Let us begin with words and expressions. Far be it from us to assert that Mr. Heraud is not at liberty to use any word that Milton has employed; but it is worthy of remark that in many cases the beauty of a passage resides in the word adopted by Milton. More than any other poet is Milton remarkable for the happiness of his words:—"the *gadding* vine"—"the *flaunting* honeysuckle"—the *huddling* brook"—are illustrations of our meaning. We find, then, in Mr. Heraud's poem the following amongst other (which we have not noted) words belonging to Milton:—"star-bright"—"prankt"—"fulmined"—"swinkt"—"darkles"—"sdained,"—"garish"—"imparadised"—"fulgent"—"westering"—"imbruted"—"prowest," &c.

Of Milton's phrases we discover these:—"sea without shore"—"oblivious deep"—"slant beam"—"fleshy nook"—"oaten stop"—"fair atheist"—"ample locks"—"visible confine"—"sensual sty"—"heaven's campaign." &c.

From Shakspeare:—"could not choose but weep"—"bourne of death"—"cold obstruction"—"still small voice."

We find also:—"starry poesy"—Byron; "expressive silence"—Thomson; "*storied* shield"—Gray.

Mr. Heraud also applies to Milton for these:—"not a jot bated"—"the darkness of excessive light." He speaks of the swan "*oaring* her way;" and of himself, "I build the lofty rhyme."

Let us give two more straws. They indicate which way the wind blows pretty accurately:—

"————— and *begirt*
With warrior and with noble." HERAUD.

"*Begirt* with British and armorick knights." MILTON.

"Apart with his strong hand (such power he had
From heaven)." HERAUD.

"With that (such power was given him then)." MILTON.

We think we hear the indulgent or partial critic say that these are trifles—that, at the utmost, they are to be considered as a species of literary petty larceny—and that they prove at most that Mr. Heraud has read Milton very attentively. Be it so. We shall now shew that he has not only studied him with great attention, but to some purpose.

We select the following passages descriptive of, or relating to, Satan:—

"—— his stature reached the sky."
HERAUD.

"—— his stature reached the sky."
MILTON.

"Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
In ruin and combustion, down to hell."

HERAUD.

"Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down."

MILTON.

"His front was scarred with thunder."

HERAUD.

"—— but his face

Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd."

MILTON.

Mr. Heraud speaks of the appearance of Noah upon a certain occasion thus :—

"—— Now, like a blasted oak or tower
Magnificent, scathed by heaven's lightning shaft,
He stood."

What is this but Milton's well known passage ?

"—— As when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath."

Let us now look at Mr. Heraud's Death. It will not give him immortality :—

"And his unnatural head was strangely crowned."
HERAUD.

"—— what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

MILTON.

"—— like gaunt Death who with his *mace*
(As Cain beheld in Hades) the thronged soil
He *smote* o'er shuddering Chaos, and wrought on
A *mole immense*, bridging the way from hell."

HERAUD.

"—— The *aggregated soil*
Death with his *mace* petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident, *smote* ; and fixed as firm
As Delos, floating once ; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move,
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the *mole immense* wrought on,
Over the foaming deep a bridge high-arch'd
Of length prodigious.——"

MILTON.

Take the following description of Samiasa pulling down a monstrous idol, which in former days he had raised :—

"So saying, on that monstrous idol, he
Hung, in his maniac might, and *tugged* and *strained*,

Till on its pedestal, it *shook*, it fell,
With a tremendous crash, in hideous wreck."

— HERAUD.

This reminds us not a little of Samson pulling down the theatre upon the heads of the Philistines:—

"This utter'd, *straining* all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, these two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He *tugged*, he *shook*, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder."

MILTON.

Also, the transformation of Samiasa into a beast:—

"—— *Horror fell on all*,
But chief on him, O change! for *prone* at once
He *sank*, now beast, in sorow and in shame."

HERAUD.

"His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain,—

—— *Horror on them fell*

And horrid sympathy."

MILTON.

Let us now pay our respects to Mr. Heraud's Amazarah. She is a queen and an enchantress:—

"But she, who erewhile vaunted power to bid
The angel of the sun attire himself
With radiance new, feigned how he veiled his beams,
That the *surpassing glory* of her pomp
Might be itself, alone; while some presumed
That his *diminished head* he *hid* in shame."

HERAUD.

"O thou, that with *surpassing glory* crowned
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads."

MILTON.

By the power of magic, Amazarah raises a city.

—— "Nor lacked there sound
And sight; concerts of numbers and parade
To celebrate the finished work. Nor since
Hath bardick praise been wanting, to report
How to the harmony of harp *it rose*
Exhaled from earth by charm of magic verse."

HERAUD,

"Anon, *out of the earth* a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

MILTON.

It may not be out of place here to submit a plagiarism from Shakspeare. Mr. Heraud is describing an ambitious demon:—

M.M. No. 103.

E

"—— his stature reached the sky."

HERAUD.

"—— his stature reached the sky."

MILTON.

"Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
In ruin and combustion, down to hell."

HERAUD.

"Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down."

MILTON.

"His front was scarred with thunder."

HERAUD.

"—— but his face

Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd."

MILTON.

Mr. Heraud speaks of the appearance of Noah upon a certain occasion thus :—

"—— Now, like a blasted oak or tower
Magnificent, scathed by heaven's lightning shaft,
He stood."

What is this but Milton's well known passage ?

"—— As when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath."

Let us now look at Mr. Heraud's Death. It will not give him immortality :—

"And his unnatural head was strangely crowned."

HERAUD.

"—— what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

MILTON.

"—— like gaunt Death who with his *mace*
(As Cain beheld in Hades) the thronged soil
He *smote* o'er shuddering Chaos, and wrought on
A *mole immense*, bridging the way from hell."

HERAUD.

"—— The *aggregated soil*
Death with his *mace* petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident, *smote* ; and fixed as firm
As Delos, floating once ; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move,
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the *mole immense* wrought on,
Over the foaming deep a bridge high-arch'd
Of length prodigious.—"

MILTON.

Take the following description of Samiasa pulling down a monstrous idol, which in former days he had raised :—

"So saying, on that monstrous idol, he
Hung, in his maniac might, and *tugged* and *strained*,

Till on its pedestal, it *shook*, it fell,
With a tremendous crash, in hideous wreck."

HERAUD.

This reminds us not a little of Samson pulling down the theatre upon the heads of the Philistines:—

"This utter'd, *straining* all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, these two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He *tugged*, he *shook*, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder."

MILTON.

Also, the transformation of Samiasa into a beast:—

"——— *Horror fell on all*,
But chief on him, O change! for *prone* at once
He *sank*, now beast, in sorow and in shame."

HERAUD.

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"———-and held it eath
To soar above the heavens infinite
Or into central shades, and beneath
The unfathomable to descend, so he
Might lead bright honour captive, or redeem
From durance far remote, obscure and old."

HERAUD.

We are almost tempted to apologize for quoting the well-known boast of Hotspur.

"By Heaven! methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her throne, might wear
Without co-rival all her dignities."

We have almost done with Mr. Heraud. But before we dismiss him, we cannot refrain from noting down, perhaps the most shameful plagiarism that was ever perpetrated by mortal man upon an immortal poet. Mr. Heraud appears to have argued somewhat after this fashion. "Not one in a thousand reads *Paradise Lost*; of those who do, not one in ten thinks of looking into *Paradise Regained*. Few can detect my plagiarisms from the former, not one, in all probability will detect me in the robbery I am about to commit upon the latter."

There is a description in Mr. Heraud's poem of an invading army. In "*Paradise Regained*" the array of the Parthians against the Scythians was a case in point not to be lost by our modern poet. We shall see how he takes advantage of it.

"War chariot, and war steed, and elephant,
To conflict trained, and bearing on his back
Turrets of warriors."

HERAUD.

"———-Nor on each horn
Curassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots or elephants endorst with towers."

MILTON.

"The mailed crowds in military pomp."

HERAUD.

"In coats of mail and military pride."

MILTON.

"Proud of such pomp, vain shew, though gorgeous, weak,
Though seeming strong in multitudes, thence weak,
And because weak in multitude arrayed."

HERAUD.

"———-or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness, rather than of strength."

MILTON.

"With ensigns and with pioneers expert,
To push obstruction back of hill or wood,
Or raise opposing mountain, where was vale,
Or bridge over lake and chasm, and river broad."

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“—————Nor of labouring pioneers,
A multitude with spades and axes armed,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke.”

MILTON.

One word to Mr. Heraud before we let him go. We have dealt out to him strict and severe justice; of more worth, let us assure him, than the base and servile flattery which has been spit out upon him by those worst enemies—his best friends. This praise appears to be welcome to him, for he has advertised it with no common diligence. It will avail him nought. If he wishes to write with respectable ability—for he can never be great—let him put it away forthwith.

If he do not, the trunk and the tartlet must have him at last.

ON A DRAWING OF ROME.

I HAD a dream of a distant land,
Palaces rose up on either hand;
Tow'r above tow'r, and pile above pile,
Arches and columns in long defile;
Streams of sunset on water fell,
Which sparkled and danced like a fairy well;
Bending willows, and tow'ring trees,
Like plumes of warriors waved in the breeze.

The air was balmy, the earth was bright,
So gorgeous the scene that it dimmed the sight.
But in that mass of splendour lay
A spot of gloom in the warm sun's ray;
It told of sorrow, it told of doom—
Of early death—'twas a youthful tomb!
And all that enshrined that marble frail
Was a heart as cold, and a cheek as pale!

Art was exhausted to make it fair,
But darkness had shar'd it with cold despair:
Grief had bow'd o'er it in speechless woe
To think of the ruin which lurk'd below.
I thought not again of that scene of pride,
For a voice of warning rose at my side.
List to its tones, oh list! and think
How very narrow is life's lov'd link.

“High are these tow'rs—yet glory not;
Time passes o'er them, and they are forgot;
Noble the trees, yet a tempest's rush
Their trunks will wither, their whisp'ring hush.
Look on the sky, it will last for aye;
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September, 1831.

E. B.

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September, 1831.

E. B.

LEAVES FROM A LOG.—No. IV.

THERE are few situations more uncomfortable than that of the luckless mortal who lies in bed in the West Indies, and ineffectually tries to sleep—the climate will not allow the use of the soft beds of Europe; a horse-hair mattress is more cool certainly, but less agreeable during a sleepless night, to turn upon from side to side. This I did like the Spanish saint, who when broiled on a gridiron requested from time to time to be turned, in order that every part of his body might equally partake of the pleasures of martyrdom. “When we cannot sleep by lying still, it is useless to turn,” says a modern author; this is most reasonable, yet we cannot help it in spite of reason. When I got into a snug position, and began to perceive the approaches of the poppy-crowned god, I was so rejoiced at it that I started wide awake with delight, and then would I hopelessly take another turn; all this time 100,000,000 musquitos were phlebotomising me, actually triumphing over my misery, and with loud and continued huzzas (so to me their buzz sounded) cheered each other on to the attack.

Coy slumbers that require too much courting are seldom pleasing; mine were anything but agreeable. Methought that the hideous phantom of Quaco stalked before me; the spectre’s dark and bloated features looked most vengeful—his cocoa nut-formed head wore a wreath of the poisonous flowers—in one hand he held a ‘spatch cock,* and in the other a tray on which stood two large rummers, containing sangaree and porter cup.—“YOU GO TO BED TO-MORROW NIGHT WITHOUT YOUR DINNER,” said the spectre, and he seated himself on my breast. I felt like a wretch who was undergoing the “*peines fortes et dures*” in the press-yard. In vain I attempted to dislodge the ponderous demon from my bosom. I groaned aloud, when I thought Quaco seized me by the shoulder and shook me violently—with a start I woke, and horror seized me as I felt the grasp on my shoulder and the violent shaking a reality.

“Wha de matter wid you, massa?” said a well-known voice.

“Who is this? Ah! is it you, Jack?”

The fact is, the negro who was watchman for the night, heard me groan beneath the influence of the night-mare, and as I generally slept with my chamber-door open, he came into my room, and by shaking awoke me. The waning moon had risen high in the calm blue concave of heaven, and the black clouds in the east bordered with fire, informed me that the brief twilight would soon appear.

The sugar-mill was already in motion, and the boiling-house chimney sent forth volumes of smoke. The boiler-man’s shout, which told the stoker to increase the heat of the coppers, and the stoker’s gruff reply, mingled with the chorus of the mill-gang who were

* A fowl broiled in haste is called dispatch or ‘spatch cock.

singing to a short and not unpleasing Creole air, with mellow voices the following brief strain :—

“ Longtime* dem put in a mill, mule, horse and mare,
But dis time,† the buckra put dam raskil there.”

To understand the humour, such as it is, of this couplet, the reader must be informed that the tread-mill had just been introduced into the island.

Day broke ; the bell of the estate, and those of the neighbourhood, called their respective field-gangs to work. The driver blew his shell in reply ; at which signal the negroes slowly left their dwellings and passed my house in their way to the field, each saluting me with “ morrow, massa.”

Having got through the business of the morning and given the overseer orders what should be done during the day, I attempted to take my breakfast, but attempted in vain. The recollection of the porter-cup, sangaree bowl, and 'spatch cock that played so conspicuous a part in my dream, also reminded me that I had the night before departed from my usual temperate habits, and that late suppers and libations destroy the morning appetite ; of this I am so convinced, that were I under the necessity of advertising for an overseer, instead of the advertisement running in the usual way,—“ Wanted an overseer who can bring unexceptionable testimonies of sobriety,” it should run thus,—“ Wanted an overseer who can give satisfactory proofs of his being a good breakfast-eater.” After taking a cup of tea, I mounted my horse Bolivar, and set out on my long journey to a Spaniard, with the brief appellation of Don Josef-Maria-Henrico-Hospedero Hedalgon, I did not expect to reach him before night, but having a score of friends and acquaintance on the road, of whose hospitality I could partake, I felt no apprehension touching the prophecy of Quaco, about my “ going to bed without my dinner !” My road was pleasant enough, it being that delightful part of the Trinidad year, the commencement of the dry season, which some have called the spring.

I now passed the estate belonging to Monsieur Bonnemaison ; the field-gang were cutting canes, and the muleteers loading their animals,—all were chaunting a short song. Negro songs are always short ; it was what on French estates is called a “ belle air,” a kind of Creole chaunt, almost agreeable enough to merit its appellation. Here I found on inquiry that the master was gone to town. I, therefore, proceeded to the Conucco (small plantation) of Mr. Bavard Cordillac, a native of the south of France, who had been an officer in Napoleon's army. He was a stout little man, remarkably active, and on several occasions had proved himself a hero in miniature ; but he was so fond of talking of his own prowess that he might lead one unacquainted with him to doubt his courage ; however, this was excusable, for he was a Gascon. He who conceives every Frenchman that boasts too much of his courage a coward, will generally form erroneous estimates.

* Formerly.

† Now.

Cordillac had often dined with me and pressed me to visit him in return; he swore "*cadédié*"* if I accepted his invitation he would kill the fattest sheep on his estate. Now though I knew he never had any sheep, yet I doubted not a hearty welcome from the Gascon, and as I began to feel certain qualms from not having had breakfast, his proffered hospitality was acceptable. I rode up to his dwelling, a little thatched cottage, which he denominated his *chateau*. "An Englishman's house is his *castle*," so is a Frenchman's if he happen to be a native of the banks of the Garonne. But ere I approached within a hundred yards of his residence, he came out and saluted me with a degree of warmth that even surprised me; he squeezed my hand with a grasp that was painful, swore *sandié cadédié*, that he was "ravished, charmed, and enchanted" at the pleasure of seeing me at his domicile, and wished I had come a little sooner as he had just dined:—(at this my face lengthened).

"I dined well to-day," said he; "I had a little capon very fat, and a good bottle of very old Madeira;" while he said this he picked his teeth with the air of one who had been an inmate at Verray's. He protested that if I would honour his "*chateau*" by taking up my residence there for the night he would give me a glorious "*déjeuné à la fourchette*" in the morning; this offer I declined on account of having business with my friend the Spaniard. The fact is, I did not like the prospect of fulfilling the prophecy of Quaco, which now began to stare me in the face. I took a kind leave of the little Gascon, and cursed my hard fortune in not being in time for his fine fat capon and bottle of old Madeira, though I have been since informed that he dined that day off a tureen of onion soup, and half a bottle of sour "*vin de côte*."

On I went, carried rather slowly by my somewhat jaded horse, until the neat-built mansion of Mr. — I beg his pardon—of Theophilus Grumbleton, Esq. appeared in view. Here all men expect the title of esquire;—I have written letters for slaves to their brother bondsmen, and was always requested to address them by this title; nay, one made me conclude his letter thus—

"I remain, dear Quashee,

"Your obedient servant to command,

"Tom Codgo, Esquire."

But to describe Grumbleton's mansion. It was a wooden structure, covered with cedar shingles;† standing on hard wooden posts; the floor of the house was about fourteen feet off the ground, so that a carriage might drive under it; the sides were painted lead colour, and the roof had a coat of tar and red ochre. The walks to it were covered with bitumen got from the pitch lake, which, next to Macadamising, makes the best roads; these black traces afford a curious contrast to the deep-green velvet-like Bahama grass which was planted round the mansion. This was the house. Its owner was what is called a fine-looking man; yet there was a gloom in his look, a surliness of expression, that to me was any thing but prepossessing;

* A Gascon exclamation.

† Small pieces of wood used like flat tiles.

my knowledge of him was slight, but in a country where hospitality is so generally practised as in Trinidad, this was more than sufficient for a passport to Mr. Grumbleton's table; besides, I was not then in a humour to stand on the forms of etiquette, for it was three o'clock, and I was fasting.

As I approached the house I was struck with the sombre appearance of all about the estate. The driver was in the field looking silent and gloomy; the negroes were working without talking or singing—a sure sign of discontent with those people; and even the very cattle about the pasture appeared to graze in Carthusian silence. As I approached the house Mr. G. came out to welcome me, which he did with grave politeness; and as I dismounted he protested that he was glad to see me, hoped I would spend the evening on "Rigor Hall;" he added, "By the bye, you come very opportunely, as I have had a boy in the stocks these three days and have not been able to punish him for want of a witness."* I took the liberty of asking if the boy's offence was of too serious a nature to admit of my asking pardon for him;† he assured me it was; that he had broke a porcelain cup, and then ran away to Mr. Proser, and brought a note with him from Miss Belinda entreating forgiveness. "I tore up the note directly," added he, "and am going to flog him myself before you."

"Yourself, Sir!" exclaimed I in astonishment; for though during fifteen years residence in the West Indies it was my misfortune to meet with one or two tyrants who, like the *gentleman* before me, abused the authority that the master has over his slave, yet he was the first instance I had ever met in the whole course of my sojourn here of a white man's punishing a negro with his own hand.

Had this humane man looked in my face he would have read my sentiments. He continued—"Yes, Sir, I always flog my negroes when they deserve it, because I am an adept at it. I handle the cat in a peculiar manner; this I learnt from an Irish right and left handed drummer when I was last in Dublin. A soldier was condemned to receive 400 lashes for insolence to his officer. I went to see him punished, and was so taken with the manner that Teddy O'Flin handled the cat with both his hands that I gave him a sovereign to instruct me in his art; by practice I have so much improved that I cut deeper than he! It will be a pleasure to see me flog the rascal!"

"Not to me, Sir," said I; and springing on my horse, made my way towards the public road as quick as possible. I deeply lamented that in my whole day's route there was no inn or place of public entertainment.

I now proceeded on my road, determined to call at the next plantation, whose humane proprietor would not propose such an agreeable

* Since the Order in Council of 1824, no slave can be punished without a witness.

† When a negro commits an offence and his master wishes not to punish him, he gets a friend, neighbour, or even a respectable negro, to ask pardon for him; this humane *ruse* is well understood in the colonies. "Nobody go ask pardon for him," is a proverbial expression amongst our slaves; it conveys a deep reproach, signifying that the person to whom it is applied is too worthless for any one's taking an interest in his fate.

recreation to his guest, as witnessing the punishment of a slave; although he had one species of barbarity in his composition. The fact is, Mr. Proser was what is termed "a bore;" a downright button-holding "bore;"—one who consumed twenty cubic feet of atmospheric air per diem, in talk! the subject of which might have been condensed in a nutshell.

He had a sister living with him, Miss Belinda; she was many years younger than he. She, too, had a foible: that is to say, she was passionately fond of vocal and instrumental music; although nature in many respects bountiful to her, had given her a shrieking voice, and denied her that talent which musicians call "an ear;" still she persevered torturing her "Broadwood," and murdering songs to that degree, that, could their composers have heard her, they would certainly have been seized with the cholera morbus. A lucky recollection now crossed my memory. Proser, I believe, was in town, and I had heard that the lady's piano was broken, so that I might call in and dine at Cane Garden without having my years agonized with the discourse of Proser, or the tuneless lays of his sister. With this thought I was so elated, that I gave my horse the spur, who instantly carried me through a piece of copse that lies between the estate of Grumbleton and Cane Garden. Scarcely had I reached the small tract which leads from the public road to the mansion, ere (oh, terrible sound!) my ears were assailed with what I knew to be the effects of Miss Belinda's attempts at strumming treble and base at her piano-forte; to say that her notes mocked all tune, is not saying too much, while

"Panting time toiled after her in vain."

While I was debating the question of proceeding or not, I felt some one slap me heartily on the back.

"What, Master Tropic, listening enraptured to the angelic notes of Miss Belinda?" The words were addressed to me by Doctor Whirlwhim, who, mounted on a mule, had unperceived overtaken me. After a friendly salute, I briefly told the Doctor, that I was thinking of my dinner.

"If that be the case," said the Doctor, "come home with me; my cottage is not above a furlong from this: and I will give you such a dinner, that it is not likely you have ever eaten before." I gladly accepted the Doctor's invitation, for Whirlwhim might be called an *amateur cook*:—he was continually talking of the delights of the table, or using his scientific knowledge for the improvement of the culinary art. He was perpetually finding out new sauces, and methods of preserving meats and vegetables; many are the dishes of his discovery. Some of them were rather whimsical.

On went the Doctor and myself, and in about two minutes we came to a very handsome villa which he called his cottage: it was a few yards off the road: we dismounted, and the Doctor ordered his groom to give a feed of Indian corn, some Guinea grass, and water to my horse, to whom it seems, the prophecy of Quaco did not apply. The Doctor after giving some orders soon joined me, and we entered into conversation on his favorite subject, the enjoyments of

good eating—on which topic he was so fluent, that one would suppose him to be a mere glutton; while, on the contrary, few men ate less than he did.

How long Doctor Whirlwhim might have continued on this interesting subject I know not, for he had deeply studied it, possessed great fluency and a good memory; it was a theme on which he appeared both able and willing to descant, but his learned remarks were cut short by receiving a note from Proser, informing him that one of his negroes was sick.

"Excuse me," said he, "I must step over to my neighbour to visit his man, but will be back in a few minutes; in the mean time amuse yourself, as well as you can, with my library;" he placed in his pocket a small case of instruments and left me. I went into his study, the first book that caught my eye was Dr. Kitchener's Treatise on the culinary art—an excellent name, by the by, for the author of such a production, Meg Dodd's Cookery;—but I will spare the reader the catalogue; let it suffice to remark that he had more than two hundred volumes, in different languages on the art of cooking. On his table lay two MSS.; the first was a transcript of Horace's second satire of his second book, with Latin notes by himself; the second was an Essay on Chymistry, Botany, Comparative Anatomy, Hygrology, Osteology, Myology, Angiology, Newrology, Ornithology, Ichthyology, Zoology, Conchology, and twenty more *ologies*, whose names I cannot think of, shewing their connexion with the Gastronomic Science, by Nicholas Whirlwhim, M.D. I looked into this treatise; it commenced thus: "It is a well known fact, that cooking has been practised by all the civilized nations for nearly six hundred years;" (pretty well known that) "yet, notwithstanding, it is easy to prove that we are as yet but in the elements of this useful *science*." I could read no more, and began to conjecture what it was that the Doctor intended to give me for dinner; he was always trying experiments; he one day gave me alligator's eggs for breakfast, and not knowing what they were, I ate, and thought them delicious. I looked out of the window and saw the cook leave the kitchen (a small out-house) and go into the garden; I thought this a good opportunity to satisfy my curiosity, and went into the kitchen, when—ah! I saw on the dresser, skinned and ready to be cut out into a fricassee, an Aloato Monkey!—there he lay, looking so disgustingly like a dead child, that I recoiled with a shudder.

"And this," said I, "is to compose the dish which, he truly says, I never before partook of—no; nor ever will." Saying this, I returned to the library, wrote the best excuse my awkward situation would admit of; saddled Bolivar, who had well regaled himself; remounted, and again faced the road.

I had yet ten miles of my journey to perform, although I had ridden a long way and was yet fasting.

The first half mile of my way laid through a vestige of the original forest, that but a few years since covered the country for miles round; the scene was gloomy as my reflections. "To think," said I to myself, "of dining off a monkey!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" resounded through the forest; the notes were like the laughter of demons. I started at the unearthly noise, and found it was made by a colony of red monkeys perched on the gigantic trees under which I was passing.

"You villains, do you mock my vexation?" cried I aloud. They looked down at me with their expressive and half-human countenances, which they turned first to one side and then to another, as though they partly understood what I said. They gave another general hail, and then skipped away so friskily that I could swear there was not a long-tailed rascal of them but what had dined.

Issuing from the woods, the plantation of which Mr. Muscovado was attorney* appeared in sight. It was true that I could not expect any very splendid entertainment there, for he generally kept a miserably spare table. However, as even Muscovado's Newfoundland steak (salt fish) and plantains would be acceptable to me in the present state of my appetite, I turned from the main road to go to his dwelling.

"Is your master at home, boy?" said I to a negro; for here when we know not the name of a negro we call him boy, although (as on the present occasion) he should be gray-headed.

"Yes, massa," was the reply.

"Has he dined?"

"No, him hab (has) company—no dine till night."

This was glorious information for me, for I could calculate on a good repast as he had company, and so I gladly hurried towards the mansion, whence, as I approached it, issued most agreeable sounds. I heard Mrs. Muscovado play on the piano with great taste, accompanied by some one on the flute, while another sung; at the end of each stanza several voices joined in chorus.

As the song ended I was about to dismount, when I heard a voice which fixed me to the saddle, exclaim—

"Bravo! that's an almighty good song, I guess!" These words were uttered by Jonathan Longlick, an American merchant, and decidedly the most indefatigable dun that ever gave a debtor the blue devils—one who has been known to importune an insolvent on his death-bed, and dun a widow at the funeral of her husband; one who when he visited a planter in order to persecute him until he settled "that there small account" between them, was neither to be diverted by hospitality nor mollified by good fare; in vain might the *dunée* give this Yankee Shylock a pound of the finest flesh that Creole mutton afforded, and induce him to wash it down with the richest Champagne ever smuggled from Martinique; "he would have his bond;" in short, he was a man who gave unlimited credit, yet was never known to lose a single debt, save on one occasion when he trusted a countryman of his own with three bags of cocoa for which he could not pay. Longlick so worried his unfortunate debtor, that the latter finding he could no longer keep his head above water, drowned

* An agent in the West Indies is called an attorney.

himself in the Gulf of Paria, at which Jonathan pretended so much sorrow that he kept a New England Lent; that is to say, he lived for six weeks on salt pork and molasses. This he pretended was out of remorse for his having caused the death of his countryman, but those who knew him said it was out of grief for his having lost thirty dollars. Such was the person whom I heard pronounce the song an "almighty good one," and to this person I unhappily was in debt for Bolivar, the very Spanish horse I that day rode. I wheeled the animal round regardless of the hospitality I stood so much in need of, and galloped off like another Tam O'Shanter, as though I was pursued by a hellish legion; yet amid the thunders of the gallop methought I heard the deep nasal voice of Jonathan Longlick calling after me, "I say, Mr. Tropic, you've come to pay me that there small account of your's, I calculate." My horse being blown, I was fain to slacken his pace, as by this time I fancied myself secure.

I had arrived at a most beautiful part of the island: twenty sugar plantations now lay in view with their square cane pieces, some cut but mostly standing, divided by hedges of limes and other species of the citron. Here and there cattle reposed under the shade of thick tufts of elegant bamboos or more elegant palms of various kinds around the estates' mansions. In full bloom grew the yellow orange, the large shaddock, the shady tamarind, the beautiful mango, the rapid papaw trees, and a hundred other inter-tropical fruits, while villages of palm-thatched negro-houses were irregularly but picturesquely placed amid the shade of plantain, banana, bread-fruit, and cocoa-nut trees. The land was neither flat nor mountainous, but undulating like that of the county of Kent; here and there might be seen pieces of the original forest of the island. In the middle of the pastures, and beside the road stood gigantic silk cotton trees, or noble cedars, whose venerable and grand appearance had saved them from the axe, when the forest sunk beneath the efforts of the woodmen. On the right the scene was bounded by dark virgin woods, on which the works of man had not yet encroached, while to the left at intervals might be seen the Gulf of Paria, whose tranquil bosom was just ruffled by the afternoon breeze, and glittered with the reflection of the declining sun; every feature in the landscape contributed to its beauty: amongst these were two ships and a brig at anchor in the gulf, two or three fishing-boats barely visible, a shallow river winding across the road in ten places, a large windmill whose arms were gently turning round, and, not the least interesting, eight or ten sugar boiling houses in full work, their smoke curling upwards into the blue and almost cloudless sky. The air was perfumed with the agreeable odour of boiling cane-juice, and two or three hundred negroes on different estates were singing merry choruses, the notes of which were softened and rendered agreeable by distance; in short, all seemed mirthful, happy and contented, save myself—for I had not dined!

I crossed the afore-mentioned river, which was so shallow that when viewed in the dry season by a native of a flat country, he would wonder at its being called any thing but a brook; and yet when its

mountain source was swollen by tropical rains it became broad and rapid. At this time it was about three feet deep, and as limpid as molten glass. My horse showed that he wanted to drink ; I slackened the reins to allow him to do so, but as they were too short I was obliged to incline forward, and, as it were, hang over his neck, while in this position some one having turned from a road of communication on the right came on me unperceived.

"Ah, master Tropic, is that you?" said a well-known voice. Looking up suddenly I perceived my friend, John Oldboy—a gentleman belonging to a species now nearly extinct ; that is to say, he is one of the few West Indians of the old school remaining amongst us.

John Oldboy is a native of one of the virgin islands, descended from a buccaneer family ; he was born in the year 1760, as he says, but it is supposed he is older than he pretends ; he is about seven feet *long*. I use this word in preference, because it is more applicable to his gaunt and lean form.

In his youth England was at war with her North American Colonies, while those of the Caribbean Sea were faithful to the mother country. Oldboy partook of the sentiments of his native isle ; he detests the Yankees even to this day ; but his aversion to the French is still more deadly. Some years ago a party of that nation, having taken the island of which he is a native, behaved in a most brutal and disgraceful manner, since which time his abhorrence of Frenchmen has been of the most determined kind ; so far has he been known to carry this aversion, that a merchant once having committed the enormous crime of mistaking Oldboy for a Frenchman, he never was able to forget the atrocious offence. On seeing this person ride by his estate, he was overheard thus to soliloquize—"There goes that fellow Ledger ! Pshaw ! he looks like a — Frenchman himself." This was only twenty years after Ledger perpetrated the crime of mistaking Oldboy for a Frenchman. Nor was his dislike to France vented merely in words, as every one knows who has heard him tell the story of the capture of the privateer "*Fleur-de-Lis*" by the *Terrible*—a gallant affair enough in which he was concerned. The history of it was this :—The *Fleur-de-Lis*, or, as he called her, "*the Flower-de-Luce*," having annoyed the trade of his native island to a considerable extent, a party of young men, and amongst the rest himself, about forty in number, armed a small drogher,* went out, and, as it was agreed upon, suffered the privateer to come alongside the *Terrible*, such was the vessel called ; the French crew expected little resistance, and boarded the *Terrible*, when the Creoles (the greater part of whom were hid under the hatches) sprang up, and by surprise and bravery drove the enemy from the deck with considerable loss, and after firing a *LICK*† or two, boarded the *Fleur-de-Lis* and captured her.

* Droghers are small craft employed in carrying produce and stores from one part of an island to another.

† *Lick* in the English West India *patois* has as extensive a signification as *coup* in French, and in general has the same meaning.

This was the most remarkable event in the life of John Oldboy, and it was most diverting to listen to the old man while he related the particulars of this bold affair: I have heard him tell it a hundred times, and ever with delight. He related how Jack Jenkins fought with the French mate till the latter, by wounding him in the wrist, disarmed him, when Jack adopting Creole tactics, "fired a butt"* at him; in other words dashed his head so furiously into the Frenchman's bread-basket that he pitched him overboard; on which Oldboy would add, "the captain ran at me with his *neppé* (*épée*) calling out 'Morblen'—'True blue,' said I, 'you French Jacko,' and I split his skull with the pump-rake!" And then to hear him tell how they towed the enemy into "Guana Bay," while Kit Sharp played Rule Britannia on his fiddle, and a bevy of white, black, yellow, and brown beauties awaited to welcome the victors ashore. Tut! uncle Toby when laying some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortresses in Europe was never so elated as Oldboy when describing the capture of the Fleur-de-Lis by the Terrible!

On meeting Mr. Oldboy, I perceived he was in full dress, wearing the habiliments of the last century; that is, he had on white short knees, white silk stockings, with yellow clocks, pumps and buckles, a yellow figured velvet waistcoat, coat of an old fashion cut, a lace frilled and ruffled shirt; his own hair of a deep black, without the slightest mixture of gray, strong and bushy, was copiously daubed with pomatum and powder; he was crowned with a Panama straw hat—a cocked hat he was not able to get in the colony.

"Ah, mister Tropic! glad to see you in this quarter."

"Happy at meeting you, Sir; I was coming to dine with you."

"That you cannot, Mr. Tropic, on Golden Hill estate, as I dine out to-day, but I'll tell you what we can do to dine together; come with me where I go, I am invited by a mutual friend, who will be very glad to see you."

"Who may he be?" I inquired.

"My neighbour Fireblood," was the reply.

At hearing this name I thought of my dream; the fact is, Fireblood and myself had quarrelled at the last brigade parade, when he sent for a friend in order to "call me out;" in vain this friend, who was a man of peace, remonstrated with him on his folly in so seriously noticing such a trifle. He would listen to no proposal, but talked of sending for Terrence O'Rily, a man who was never known to refuse carrying a challenge, should the other persist in not bearing his hostile message.

To prevent worse consequences, his friend came to demand satisfaction, but called on his commandant on his way to me, so that in due time I received the challenge, was put under arrest, and obliged to find two sureties that I would not break the peace for six months; so was Fireblood, who appeared quite satisfied. Now but three out of the six months had expired, and etiquette required that we should be at drawn daggers until the term of our keeping the peace should

* In West Indian boxing the head is more used than the fist. To "fire a butt," means to rush in with the head.

expire; *ergo*, I could not go to his house to dine with him. Having explained the matter to Mr. Oldboy, I wished him a good afternoon, and we passed each other.

On the two next plantations where I called I had equally as little success as at the preceding ones; the first of these estates was under the direction of a manager of the name of Wrangle. When I called he was in the height of a matrimonial difference with Mrs. Wrangle; I had therefore too much good sense to intrude on their private amusement; and the proprietor of the last place I called at was in town, and the manager dying with the yellow fever, I verily believed, for the express purpose of disappointing me of my dinner.

Thank my stars! I have at length arrived at Don Jose-Maria-Henrico Hospedero Hedalgon's, the extent of this day's journey.

Fatigued and hungry as I was, I could not but admire the beauty of the cocoa plantation; and, indeed, I know of no species of cultivation that will at all compete in this respect with a cocoa walk, with the exception of some few grounds laid out by skilful landscape gardeners. The fine rows of oristaro cocoas traversed each other at right angles; they were planted at regular intervals; their leaves were green, red, and brown, and their stems and limbs so trimmed and lopped that they all grew the same height, and had much the same form; they had regularity without stiffness; the sun which was sinking into the western horizon gave a splendour to the skies, inconceivable to those who have never been between the tropics; the blazing clouds harmonized well with the rows of "*bois immortel*" trees called by the Spaniards "*la madre de cacao*," the mother of cocoa. These trees are planted also at regular intervals, to shade the cocoa, and grow about the height of an English oak, so that from an elevation they appear a forest growing, as it were, out of a forest; the height of the cocoa trees being about twenty feet, forms a thick canopy of foliage; the stately trunks of the *bois immortel* shoot up from this leafy roof, and terminate by forming an other covering of branches and leaves, and when the *immortel* is in full blossom, which it was at that time, the beauty of this wood is not to be surpassed. Somewhat conception of this the reader may form, if he can imagine several miles square covered with trees, planted in rows, crossing each other at right angles; the body and limbs of which trees are as high as any in Europe, having a thick foliage of the deepest and most brilliant rose colour.

The dwelling-house of the Don was situated on a mound beside the large shed for curing cocoa; the former was a spacious lofty building, the wall and partitions of which were wattled, that is, formed with roseaux into a kind of basket-work, plastered with earth, and whitewashed; the hall was unfloored, but the chambers had a floor of Palmiste boards; the whole building was admirably adapted to the climate; its open gables and loftiness rendered it delightfully cool. It is true this structure was not formed to stand against a hurricane: hurricanes, however, never occur in Trinidad; but so admirably was it made proof against the effects of earthquakes, which sometimes happen here, that the ground might undulate like the face of the ocean, and its basket and earthen walls, its bamboo

rafters, light palm posts and thatched roof, would bend like an ozier cage, and regain its original form without damage.

It was evening, and the negroes had done the light day's task of a cocoa estate some four hours before my arrival; they were employed either cultivating little gardens of their own near their cottages, feeding stock, or enjoying the coolness of the evening by laying on the ground; some were making ropes of the fibrous parts of the maho-tree, and others manufacturing or repairing turtle nets. A group of fat lively children, with skins as smooth as ivory, and as black as ebony, ran up to me and followed my horse, vociferating "Buenos Dios, Señor." The whole of the slave population of this plantation looked in good condition, contented and happy.

As I proceeded to the house, I saw two negroes and a peon making a kind of basket for catching fish; they had just returned from town with Señor Josef, and were singing a canoe song, very common amongst the Spanish boatmen of the Gulf of Paria, the chorus of which was "Sopla, Sopla, Sopla, San Antonio," a favourite saint to invoke when a wind is required, though sometimes so unseasonably deaf is the saint to their entreaties that I have heard him cursed heartily by Spanish mariners.

"Is your master at home?" said I, to a boy who held my horse as I dismounted.

"Yes Sir, he has just returned from town."

I entered the unfloored hall, and saw Don Josef swinging in a chinchura (a net-woven hammock), and smoking a cigar. He rose to welcome me with that unostentatious politeness for which the Spaniard is remarkable. "I think his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to three score;" yet time, though it had whitened his hair, had not quenched the fire of his Castilian eye; he was middle-sized, and, for an European, of a dark complexion; he wore trowsers and jacket of coarse sheeting, a lace-frilled shirt, gold sleeve and collar buttons; the buckles of his braces were of the same metal, which were conspicuous, as he wore no waistcoat. The Don was a native of Segovia, and could boast that he was an "old Christian," and an hidalgo of untainted blood; he left his native city young, and came to the New World; where, recommended by his rank, and handsome appearance, he married a young widow, with a princely estate in the neighbourhood of Caraccas. She gave birth to a son, and died. On the breaking out of the revolution on the main, patriotism induced the son to join the ranks of the insurgents, and the same sentiment induced the father to fight on the side of the royalists; both acted bravely, and the result of the war was to both equally unfortunate. At the success of the republicans, the fine estate of Don Josef was completely ruined, and five hundred of his slaves were made soldiers of Bolivar and Piaz; these were destroyed during the various campaigns, except a few, who lived to join the robber Castillos. The son gained many wounds, and the grant of an immense tract of land, which, in consequence of the ravages of war, is useless. He cannot sell it, nor has he the means of cultivating an acre; he has, likewise, a claim on the state for 10,000 dollars, which the republican government has admitted, but cannot or will not liquidate. He has

a colonelcy in the army, whose pay is, to use a naval proverb, "nothing a day, and find yourself." The father, at the beginning of the war, had the prudence to remit some money to a friend in the island, to serve as a *dernier ressort*. When Don Josef found the cause of his sovereign lost on Costa Firma, he refused to live under the democratic government; so, accompanied by about forty slaves, he went to Trinidad. These people followed their master voluntarily; and though the laws of the colony obliged Don Josef to land them as free people, as no slaves were admissable from foreign ports, they have served him ever since most faithfully. With the wreck of his fortune he settled the cocoa plantation, on which I then visited him.

Don Josef asked me if I would take refreshment. I told him I had not dined.

"So much the better," said he, "I am just from town, and having had a long passage, have not dined myself," and he called his servant to hasten dinner. While this was getting ready, we talked of the business that brought me to his estate. In a few minutes the servant informed us of the glad tidings that dinner was on the table, when we sat down to it, accompanied by Pedro Juan, a man of mixed European and Indian race, Don Josef's major domo (so Spaniards call the managers of plantations). This man, who was an Angosturian, talked a little English—rather convenient for our conference; for Don Josef spoke Castilian, purer than the Spanish generally spoken there; consequently I was sometimes at a loss to understand him, although it is remarkable, of all the European tongues, that of Spain is generally the least corrupted in the New World.

But to dinner—on seating myself, I reconnoitered the table. The first dish that took my attention was a stewed opossum; its rat-like look and unsavoury odour were any thing but tempting to my palate: secondly, there was a dish of tasso or Columbian jerked beef—this was intolerable to me, on account of its smoky taste; thirdly a fricasseed capon, uneatable in consequence of the profusion of garlic used in dressing it, garlic being my aversion. But to make amends for these three rejected dishes, there was one of the most tempting-looking, well-dressed fish; at the sight of which the cockles of my heart were cheered, and I mentally said "so my dream will not be verified after all." The general superiority of fish over other meats of this island, had made me quite *pisciverous*. I knew not what kind of fish it was; this was not to be wondered at, for the finny tribes are here so numerous, that one may reside in Trinidad twenty years without knowing half their names. It was sufficient that it looked tempting to induce me to try its taste, and its *goût* surpassed its appearance. As this repast was my breakfast, dinner and supper, *trio juncta in uno*, I eat most ravenously; the casava and arapa (a bread made from Indian corn) served as good substitutes for a wheaten loaf, of which there was none at table. Repeatedly did Don Josef press me to change my plate, and try the other dishes—no, I found the fish so good, and had such an insuperable aversion to opossum, tasso, and garlic, that I was thrice helped to fish; whilst emptying the contents of my third plate, whether from the effects of the journey, my long fasting, defective state of digestion from having eaten too much or

too fast, or from all these causes combined, I know not ; but I felt a sudden check to my appetite, and a sensation a little like that caused by surfeit. Not being able to proceed in my repast, by way of doing something, while Don Josef and Pedro were eating, I examined curiously the vetebrae of the fish on my plate. As I am a bit of an Ichthyologist, I perceived the fish I had eaten of so heartily, was of that which is by naturalists called the cartilaginous kind. Addressing my host, I said

"*Como se llama este pescado, Senor ?*" (What do you call that fish, Sir ?

"*Tiburon*," was the reply ; but as I did not know what *tiburon* meant, I applied to Pedro Juan to tell me its name in English.

"SHARK," said he.

"SHARK—ha !" I dropped my knife and fork ; for I had helped to take one of these sea-gluttons the week before, which had devoured a black child ; and the horrid appearance of the monster's maw flashed across my imagination, and increased the unpleasant sensation I before spoke of to that degree, that I actually turned pale.

"SHARK !" I repeated.

"Yes," said Pedro coolly ; "shark eat man, why not man eat shark ?"

I rushed from the room—

SHARK !

SHARK !!

THE SHARK !!!

The prophecy of Quaco was literally fulfilled. I went to bed without my dinner.

THE SEA-SHORE.

THOUGH I swell no sail
 With the gentle gale,
 To waft me upon the tide ;
 Still my fancies free
 Glide over the sea,
 With a passion I cannot hide :
 For I make my home
 By the colour'd foam,
 Where its bursting billows part ;
 And I fly from all,
 To the musical call,
 With which they summon my heart.
 Not a weed can drift
 From the spray they lift,
 But I think that it mutely grieves,
 For the ocean spar,
 For the wild wave's war,
 For all that it loves—and leaves ?
 And I watch the gloss
 Of the shells that toss
 With a sighing strife on the shore,
 Till I deem them made
 To feel—for they fade
 When the current returns no more.

L. P.

NEW SOUTH WALES.*

"WE have seen the land, and behold it is very good!" Such is the motto which the reverend author has prefixed to his book; and one more *apropos* in every respect we are sure he could not have found, had he searched the Bible from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations. In fact, when taken in connexion with the remainder of the verse—"be not slothful to go, and to enter and possess the land,"—it may be regarded as containing the sum and substance of the two volumes.

The author is a Scotchman, and was educated for the established church of his native country. After obtaining his "licence" (a step which we believe is equivalent to "taking out orders" in England), he embarked for the distant colony of New South Wales; not like most of his countrymen, to "buy, and sell, and get gain," but with an object which we could wish to see enter more frequently into the calculations of the priesthoods of all communions—one of pure *philanthropy*.

Dr. Lang arrived in the colony in 1821, and since that time has been actively employed in endeavouring to make himself useful, and to promote its interests in a variety of ways. Within that short period he has been the means of founding no fewer than four churches in connexion with the national church of Scotland. He has also, without any aid from Government, and at his own sole expense, introduced into the colony a numerous body of highly respectable emigrants, both in the middle and lower ranks of life; and, finally, he has been the means of forming at Sydney, the capital of the colony, an academical institution for the education of youth in the elementary and higher branches of knowledge, similar in plan to the useful and much admired "Institution" at Belfast, and which has received the name of "The Australian College."

In a residence of upwards of ten years in the colony—in his having, in the prosecution of his various schemes of benevolence, come into contact with most of its leading men, and with the mind of the colonial public itself—and in his having had the most ample opportunities of observing the fortunes of many emigrants from the time of their settlement in the colony, and the various causes which have contributed to the formation of these fortunes—the author has thus had very peculiar advantages for obtaining correct information, and forming correct opinions on the subjects of which he professes to treat; and that he has not allowed these advantages to remain unimproved the volumes themselves bear most ample testimony. They are evidently the production of a man who *knows* his subject—who has viewed it in all its bearings—and who has thought and reasoned

* "An historical and statistical Account of New South Wales, both as a penal Settlement and a British Colony." By John Dunmore Lang, D. D. In two volumes. London: Cochrane and M'Crone.

upon it both long and deeply. To the advantages which the work derives from the intimate acquaintance which the author has with his subject, it adds the additional one of having emanated from a naturally strong mind, endowed with great powers of observation. To the *perfervidum ingenium* of his countrymen, the author adds a *perfervidum ingenium* of his own, there being a degree of healthy vigour about the whole book, which, in this age of weakly authors, is really refreshing. He appears to be a man of a bold and independent mind—in every instance proceeding straight forward to his subject, with a sturdy determination to speak what he thinks, and to state his opinion both of men and of measures, as he himself expresses it, “without fear and without favour.”

In the former of these two very valuable volumes the author has given us a history of the colony of New South Wales from the earliest period to the present time. He commences this part of his work with an account of its first discovery by the Spaniards in 1609; and after a full and interesting detail of the subsequent discoveries of the Dutch navigators, of the establishment of a British colony at Port Jackson under Captain Phillip, in 1788, and of the object in which our Government aimed in the formation of that establishment, he proceeds with an account of its situation under the two successive governors, Hunter and King. The state of the colony during the unfortunate administration of Governor Bligh, and the origin and result of the colonial rebellion of 1808 (perhaps one of the most extraordinary recorded in history), are also fully detailed. He then proceeds with the history of the colony during the successive administrations of Governors Macquarrie, Brisbane, and Darling, carefully noting, as he goes along, the various measures which they severally introduced for the benefit of the convict part of the population, and the ultimate results of these measures, and concludes with an account of the state of the colony under the present Governor, Major-General Bourbo.

In this part of his work Dr. Lang has canvassed the conduct of a number of individuals in high places with a considerable degree of freedom; and we have no doubt that his work will excite a strong sensation in certain quarters at home, and also among sundry of the *magnates* of the colony. We do not know that he has not been too severe in some of his censures; and we doubt whether he has, in his accounts of the conduct and measures of the different governors, made sufficient allowance for the very peculiar nature of the charge entrusted to the ruler of a penal colony. The charge of such a nest of “evil doers,” as the first settlers must necessarily have been, cannot have been either an easy or agreeable one. The first establishment of the colony was confessedly of the nature of an *experiment*; and it must have been difficult for the governor to foresee the ultimate result of the measures which they severally introduced for the amelioration and improvement of the convict population of the colony.

We are glad to find that the colony appears to be more happily placed under the present governor than it has been under any of his predecessors. According to the author, he is proceeding with much good sense and decision of conduct in his administration, and has al-

ready been the means of removing many of those petty annoyances by which the peace and good feeling of the colony has hitherto been disturbed.

The historical part of Dr. Lang's work we regard as peculiarly valuable in several points of view.* It is because it has enlightened us upon this subject that we reckon the historical part of Dr. Lang's work of so much value. In the concise and well-written sketch which he has given us of the history of the colony, he has pointed out with great precision and accuracy the various causes which have operated in preventing the transportation system from producing the effects which were contemplated, and has proved that its failure has not by any means arisen from an innate defect in the system itself, but solely from the mistakes and misgovernment of those to whom it has been entrusted. He has proved, likewise, that it is still possible for that system, under good management, and a proper code of regulations, to be made a most valuable means in the hands of the British Government, not only for the improvement of the convicts themselves, but also for the good of the colony, and the mother country itself.

In this point of view Dr. Lang's work must be of incalculable use to those entrusted with the Colonial Department of Government; and we hope that it will therefore receive both from them and from the British public that attention which, on this account alone, it so well deserves.

To give a correct idea of the history, tendency, and working of the transportation system, as regarded the Australian colonies, was one of the objects which the author had in the present work. This he has accomplished with much skill and ability in the first seven chapters of his first volume. To give a correct exhibition of the present state of the colony, and to point out the advantages which would accrue to it, to the mother country, and to private individuals, from an extensive emigration of certain classes at home, is the other object he has in view, and to this he devotes the remainder of his book.

In the two concluding chapters of Volume I, and the first three of Volume II, there is much information on the climate, natural productions, and state of society in the colony, which we have no doubt will prove interesting both to the general reader and to those intending to emigrate. The climate appears to be an extremely delightful one;

* It would be so, were it only that it formed, as it does, the only complete *civil history* of the colony that has yet been given to the public, and has thus supplied what has long been a desideratum in our knowledge of those distant regions. But it is still more valuable in another respect: it was generally known in this country that the hopes of those who had counted upon the amelioration and moral improvement of the transported convicts had been, to a certain extent, disappointed, and that the transportation experiment had turned out, at least partially, a failure. But the *causes* of this failure were not so obvious; and whether it was owing to some radical defect in the system itself, or to a bad management of the system, we could not tell; and the great distance of the colony from the mother country, and the conflicting, and sometimes interested, statements which were from time to time sent home, tended only to render our ignorance more profound.

"the sky," according to the author "being seldom clouded, and day after day, for whole weeks together, the sun looking down in unveiled beauty from the northern heavens." The soil produces in abundance almost all the delicacies of the tropical regions: and that the country itself is by no means destitute of fine scenery, appear from the following quotation:—

"Let the reader" says the author, in his description of Hunter's River, one of the largest in the colony, "imagine to himself a noble river as wide as the Thames, in the lower part of its course, winding slowly towards the ocean, among forests that have never felt the stroke of the axe, or seen any human face till lately but that of the wandering barbarian. On either bank the lofty gum-tree shoots up its white naked stem to the height of 150 feet from the rich alluvial soil, while underwood, of most luxuriant growth, completely covers the ground, and numerous wild vines dip their long branches, covered with white flowers, into the very water. The voice of the lark, or the linnet, or the nightingale, is, doubtless, never heard along the banks of the Hunter; for New South Wales is strangely deficient in the music of the groves. But the eye is gratified instead of the ear; for flocks of white or black cockatoos, with their yellow or red crests, occasionally flit across from bank to bank; and innumerable chirping parroquets, of most superb and inconceivably variegated plumage, are ever and anon hopping about from branch to branch. I have been told, indeed, that there is nothing like interesting natural scenery in New South Wales. My own experience and observation enable me flatly to contradict the assertion. In many parts of the territory, both to the northward and southward of Sydney, I have seen natural scenery, combining every variety of the beautiful, the picturesque, the wild, and the sublime, and equalling any thing I had ever seen in Scotland, England, Ireland, or Wales."

In that part of the work which relates to Sydney, the capital of the colony, and where the settlers have made the greatest advances in civilization, we find the following graphic and very lively description of the manner in which the inhabitants spend their leisure hours:—

"It is not very creditable, however, to the dwellers in Sydney, that such scenes" (he had just been describing some fine pieces of scenery in the government domain around Port Jackson), "should be allowed to remain so entirely sacred to solitude, as they have hitherto been. But while it is undeniable that the schoolmaster will require to be abroad somewhat longer, ere the race of Australians can be expected to go anywhere in search of the picturesque, there is another very obvious reason for the comparative desertion of the government domain by the inhabitants of Sydney. Every person who can contrive to get any thing more than a mere livelihood in the colony, forthwith possesses himself of a horse and *shay* for *pleasuring*, to be transformed in due time into a curricule and pair. Till lately, however, the government domain was open only to pedestrians, and was consequently no place for the display of equipages. Besides, a road was formed, during Governor Macquarie's administration, at the expense of the people of Sydney, as far as the Light House on the South Head; and that road has ever since been the favourite resort of the *beau monde* of the capital. About four o'clock in the afternoon—before dinner in the *haut ton* circles, but some time after it among people of inferior station—all the coach-house doors in Sydney fly open simultaneously, and the company begin to take their places for the afternoon drive on the South Head road. In half an hour the streets are comparatively deserted; by far the greater portion of the well-dressed population being already out of town. In the mean time, the long line of equipages—from the ponderous coach of the member of

council, moving leisurely and proudly along, or the lively barouche of Mr. Whalebone, the ship-owner, to the *one horse shay*, in which the landlord of the *Tinker's Arms* drives out his blowsy dame to take the *hair arter dinner*—doubles Hyde Park Corner, and arrives on the Corso; where ever and anon some young bachelor, merchant, or military officer, eager to display his superior skill in horsemanship, dashes briskly forward along the cavalcade at full gallop."

The fourth and seventh chapters of Volume II, Dr. Lang devotes to the important subject of emigration—the former containing a statement of the advantages which New South Wales holds forth to various classes of emigrants of moderate capital, and the latter considering emigration chiefly in reference to the practicability of settling in New South Wales a numerous agricultural population. Both of these chapters are eminently deserving of the attention of those intending to better their fortunes by going abroad; containing as they do almost all the information which could be desired by persons in their circumstances. This colony seems at present to hold out very peculiar advantages to many classes of emigrants, more particularly to mechanics, labourers, agriculturists, and families of moderate capital. Mechanics can earn with ease two pounds per week. Money can be safely invested on loan, at an interest of ten per cent.; and families who can afford to invest a small capital in farming, building, or other useful speculations, and have skill to conduct them, may turn their funds to even still better account.

We have never yet been able to find out any satisfactory reason why the government of this country, in the establishment of its colonies, has all along, as a matter of course, established in them at the same time the episcopal church. Could our Sovereign Lord the King do with his colonial subjects what the virtuous King Henry the Eighth did with his loving people—make them all conscientious Episcopals by an Act of Parliament—it might be well enough. But among the colonists there are certainly, at least, as many conscientiously attached to other forms of faith as to that which happens to be the government one; and it is hard that the non-conforming sects should be laid under the necessity of supporting both their own priesthood and the priesthood of another church, of whose tenets they do not approve. Why is the sect, called the "Church of England," selected from all the other sects, and endowed with such a princely munificence? Not, surely, because it in particular has done more than any of the other churches for the attainment of British liberties; because its clergy have all along shewn themselves opposed to their extension. Nor, surely, can it be because it is the cheapest establishment of all the others; as with a much smaller sum than goes to enable half a dozen of the Reverend Fathers in God to "clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," the Presbyterian Church of Scotland supplies the religious wants of the inhabitants of nearly a thousand parishes, and gives education to the children of nearly the same number of schools.

In the work before us the author complains, and with reason, of the unequal division of the funds destined to the support of the church in New South Wales. To the Episcopal establishment, which consists

of an archdeacon, fifteen chaplains, and a number of schools, there is apportioned nearly 20,000*l.* a-year; and to the Roman Catholic Clergy and schools 2,200*l.*, while the Presbyterians receive only the paltry sum of 600*l.*! This is much too bad; considering that fully a half of the free emigrants are Scotchmen, and attached both by principle and education to the faith of their native land.

We do not know precisely what effect the establishment of the Episcopal Church may have produced upon the morals of the colonists in New South Wales, but if its places of worship are no better attended than those of the same establishment in Ireland, and if its clergy serve up in the shape of sermons the same "babes' meat" that the laity are fed with there, we may at least say that we stand in doubt of it. Dr. Lang seems to be of opinion that its establishment in New South Wales has been but of little use; and his "account of the state of morals and religion" in the colony is accordingly a sufficiently lamentable one. We do not by any means, however, lay the same stress upon his account of the "tendency and working" of the *Episcopal Church*, that we do upon his account of the "tendency and working" of the *transportation system*. The doctor is a native of the land that lieth beyond the Tweed—that happy land where the tenantry pay no tithes, and the poor support themselves; where there are no cathedrals except in ruins, and where the great body of the people have, somehow or other, been made moral, without the aid of either bishops, priests, or deacons. He has evidently a strong and an ardent attachment to his native church, and is, moreover, a descendant of one of the heroes of the covenant. In these circumstances, therefore, it need not be reckoned wonderful if he should shew himself no great admirer of the Episcopal Church; and we accordingly find that he hates and abhors her with all his might and main, and, like the most of his countrymen, looks upon her as little or no better than the "scarlet lady that sitteth upon the seven hills." On this head, therefore, we reckon the doctor to be a *prejudiced* person; and so we would recommend our readers to receive his evidence on the subject in the same manner that the Scotch lawyers receive the testimony of witnesses similarly situated, that is, *cum nota*.

But we must have done with the author and his two pleasant and very useful volumes. We have perused them with much pleasure, and we have no doubt that many of our readers will do the same. They have given to the public of this country much new information on the two important subjects of Emigration and the Transportation System; and we have no doubt they will, both at home and in the colony, secure that extensive circulation to which they are so well entitled.

SAD REGRETS.

"Sad regrets, from past existence
Come like gales of chilling breath."—CAMPBELL.

O, for the joy to wander still,
By Egriff dams, and Lascoe Mill ;
O, for the songs of nightingales
Once heard in Lascoe's pleasant vales ;
And for a voice which there I heard,
Far sweeter than the sweetest bird.

No more the lingering twilight hours,
The song of birds, the breath of flowers,
The tinkle soft of streams which fell
Around us in the shady dell,—
No more—no more—the dream is done—
The flowers are dead, and set the sun !

Yet I in thought, those scenes may pace,
And breathe as in some hallowed place ;
In fancy o'er each waterfall,
May, sadly soothed, the past recall ;
Till, in the strength of loves regard,
I recreate what death has marred.

The bat will circle by the mill,
The distant dog bay softly still ;
The gate, but lightly clapp'd will sound,
To make the quiet more profound ;
Till one will start up at my side,
My perished hope, my vanished pride.

Each waterfall will lightly leap,
Soft memory of her grace to keep ;
The leaves and blossoms waving light,
Will wave her form into my sight ;
The violets breathe her living breath,
While she is in the vaults of death.

No—no—those haunts I would not tread,
Since she the soul of all is dead ;
Glad light would fall on blossoms fair,
But joy would never meet me there ;
The birds would sing, the streams would flow,
All tinctured by one inward woe ;
The flowers would droop, the foliage wave,
Like banners sighing o'er a grave.

R. HOWITT.

ANDALUSIAN SKETCHES.

No. III.—THE BATHS OF MANILBA.

IN the autumn of the year 1828, Gibraltar was visited by a dreadful scourge. A pestilence carried off 600 of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers in garrison, and 1,400 of the inhabitants. Nearly all the medical men, military as well as civil, waged a fierce war of opinion as to whether the disease was contagious or non-contagious, imported or indigenous. Few endeavours appeared to be made to discover some successful mode of treatment; hence, one of every three persons attacked died. I had the good fortune to survive, but it was long ere I recovered from the effects of the fever. The summer of 1829 found me still an invalid; and, in August, I availed myself of a readily-granted short leave of absence, to make an excursion for change of air. The baths of Manilba had been suggested to me, and to them I resolved to proceed. Provided with a guide, and of course travelling on horseback, I passed through the town of San Roque, continued on the Malaga road, and crossing the river Guadiaro at a ford, reached a strong fort called the Castle of Savanilla, on the shore of the Mediterranean, from which a road turns up to Manilba. This town I found to be about twenty-one English miles from Gibraltar, lying inland something more than a mile, or as a *contrabandista* told me in a characteristic mode of computing distance, "*Lejos, desde aquí, el fumar de un cigaro*"—(distant from hence the smoking of a cigar). It is miserably poor, but pleasantly situated in the midst of corn-fields and vineyards, crowning the summit of a hill, and commanding a fine panoramic view. In one direction the eye dwells on a wide expanse of sea, studded with the numerous white latine-sail boats, always scudding to and fro. To the westward, the fantastic peaks of the rock of Gibraltar are seen over the less elevated summits of the Sierra Carbonera. Mount Abyla (Apes' Hill), Ceuta, and the chain of the Lower Atlas form the extreme distance. To the north-east, ranges of lofty mountains bound the view: the most remarkable is the Sierra Bermeja, so called from its brownish-red hue, and which terminates abruptly in the Mediterranean, near Estepona. In the fastnesses of this Sierra, the Moors, under their celebrated leader Feri de Benestepar, made their last stand against the iniquitous decree of expulsion by Philip the Second. The mountain, well known at Gibraltar as "*The Bermeja*," reaches a height of more than 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, although, when seen from our rock, with the range of mountains in its back ground (the Sierra Marabella, and the snow-capped Pico de Santa Juana), it has not the appearance of that elevation. In the Sierras are many valuable mines of silver and copper, which were known to the Phœnicians and Romans. They are now totally neglected. Want of capital and enterprise prevent the Spaniards availing themselves of these riches, and the apprehension of insecurity to the per-

sons and property of mercantile foreigners in Spain, operates against speculators making any attempt to work the mines.

The Baths of Manilba are about one mile and a half north from the town. They are situate on the right bank of a rapid torrent, which, confined, during the upper part of its course, to a deep rocky fissure, here gains a more open country. A rugged mountain, however, continues to overhang it, and from this issue several medicinal springs, the virtues of which it is averred were known to, and appreciated by, the Romans; indeed, it is certain that Cæsar bathed there. The country people invariably call the Baths "*Las Hediondas*," literally "*The Stinking Springs*." The waters contain iron, hydrogen, and sulphur, in various proportions. They have some fame amongst the Spaniards, and the spot is much resorted to during the summer and autumn by real and fancied invalids. This has induced some capitalists to build a few lodging huts, an inn, bath-houses, and of course a chapel, dedicated to "*Nuestra Senora de los Remedios*" (*our lady of the cures*).

On my arrival I found collected a number of families and persons of all classes, chiefly from the towns in Andalusia. I established myself at the inn, where tolerable accommodation is to be had. The neighbouring country is singularly wild and beautiful. I usually passed the mornings in exploring it. Partridges and quail were in abundance, and my gun thus procured for me ample occupation until the mid-day sun rendered it prudent to return homewards, where a tepid bath and a *siesta* put me in condition to enjoy a savoury and well-cooked *olla* at the table d'hôte of my inn. In the evenings I joined the general assembly of all the visitors, which was in fact held in the streets, under the vine-covered trellis-work, extending from the opposite houses, and forming a delicious fragrant screen. There the higher orders danced (waltzed), whilst those of inferior grade grouped around to admire the graceful movements of "the gentry." I generally, however, retired early from the gay scene, and returned to my apartment at the inn, accompanied by a new acquaintance, whose character and conversation afforded me no little amusement. His name I learned to be Juan de Guzman, but he is only known and spoken of as *Tio Juan* (uncle John). He was a tall, limping, gossiping personage of about sixty, filling the responsible and dignified situation of *administrador* (steward, warder, or keeper) of the establishment. He is the physician, too, of the place, although certainly without pretension to be considered a regular member of the healing art. Nevertheless, he boldly tells you on the very first day of your arrival the spring best suited to your complaint, the exact quantity of water your case requires that you should swallow, and the number of minutes you must daily remain in a bath. After a few days' residence he knows which pair of bright eyes in the evening waltz has had the greatest attraction for you, and he will whisper if the fair one has smiled or frowned—whether the bouquet of wild flowers exchanged betokened hope or disappointment. He knew, or pretended to know and recollect, the family secrets of nearly every person of consideration who had visited the baths for many past years, and gave me numerous anecdotes of ladies who had arrived

there "thin as laths," and had gone away "fat as butter-firkins." Some of the tales to which I was obliged to listen were long and tedious, and without much point, but still his chatter was always in some degree entertaining. He had a slight smattering of history, making, however, sad havoc with dates and persons. One of his legends, for instance, informed me that the Emperor Trajan came to "Las Hediondas" under pretence of being cured of some disease, but in reality to carry on an amour with a celebrated Moorish beauty, the daughter of the *alcalde* of the neighbouring town of Cizares (the Roman Cesarium). I listened to, and laughed at his tales, so that I became more and more favoured by old Tio Juan. An occasional extra *peseta* (fifth of a dollar) for himself, delicately left in the palm of his hand at our friendly leave-taking, might perhaps have aided somewhat in cementing our friendship; but the great attraction certainly was a nightly jorum of whiskey-punch, which, notwithstanding his high opinion of the mineral waters, he had no objection to add as a rectifier. One evening, during our conversation over an extra potion of the seducing beverage I had prepared for him, he gave me a sort of history of himself.

"*Escucha Usted*," said he, "*Listen*. I have not always been a bath-keeper. I am the son of parents of good family. My father had valuable property in the Sierra, and particularly in the town of Benaraba, where I was born. He had property, too, in various small villages and hamlets which are studded over the wild valley of the 'Genal,' that beautiful river which takes its rise at the back of the Bermeja mountains, and empties itself into the Guadiaro about four leagues from its mouth. In Atajate, Benadalid, Algotocin, Benalauria, Genalquacil—'*todos nombres de los Moros*' (all Moorish names)—were houses or gardens belonging to my father, Don Gaspar de Guzman. We are descended from the Moors, and I love to repeat the names of these villages, bearing as they do, even at this day, the very Arabic appellations given to them when built by my ancestors. They saved their lives and some of their possessions at the period of 'The Expulsion from Spain,' by having become true converts to our Holy Catholic religion. In this delightful valley of the Genal, and in the heart of the Sierra, I passed my childhood, my education having been well attended to by the friars of the convent of San Geronimo at Guacin. I had just completed my fourteenth year when death deprived me, in one short week, of both my revered parents. I was left to the guardianship of my uncle Don Felipe, *alcalde* of Olbera, to whose residence I was removed. He proved to be a villain! In order to possess himself of my property, he administered to me in my daily food a slow poison, the secret of which had been handed down in our family, from the first entrance into Spain of our race. I was not, of course, aware of his designs. His diabolical scheme gradually took effect; my health and intellects became impaired. I must soon have fallen a victim had not his proceedings been detected by my old nurse Ramona, herself a kinswoman and learned in all the mysteries of poisonous drugs and antidotes. She dared not, however, denounce the traitor, or even warn me of his plans; yet did this faithful creature so far counteract them, as to induce me

secretly to wear next my heart a talisman which acted as a sure preservative against the effects of poison. *Ahi esta,*" said Tio Juan, producing to my view what appeared to be a small piece of shrivelled discoloured parchment. "This is it," continued he; "it is part of the skin of a wild black dog which had not a spot of white about him. The animal, when in perfect health, was killed near Alhama by a single blow with a stick blessed by a holy man, a *descalzado*, a wandering barefoot monk of the monastery of 'Nuestra Senora de los Remedios.' *Ya esta en el cielo!* (He is now in heaven!) Before the kindness of my nurse had procured for me this never-failing protection, my health and the powers of my mind had been somewhat affected. Thanks, however, to the friendly dog-skin, I survived, most probably to the great surprise of my uncle. When I attained the age of twenty-one, he refused to make over to me my property on the plea of my being an idiot, and in the opinion that I was such, I fear he was supported by most of the townspeople, who judged me only by my wretched appearance. I did not, however, tamely submit. I loudly proclaimed his villany—his treachery—and disclosed the means by which I had avoided the death intended for me. But, alas! the greater number of those to whom I related my wrongs considered my statement as indeed the raving of a madman. To save myself now from Felipe's certain vengeance, I fled from the town, and sought refuge in the mountains. I established myself in yon wild Sierra, just above these baths. A cavern was my abode. At first I subsisted upon roots and wild fruit; then I became known to the kind goatherds, who charitably gave me, from time to time, bread and millet, and occasionally some rude article of dress. Daily I descended the mountain to these springs, where I bathed and drank to allay my thirst. At that period there were not any buildings. The spot was rarely visited, and then only by curious travellers as a place celebrated in the time of the Romans. It must have been about five years that I lived this life. The waters, of the virtues of which I was then ignorant, had gradually and almost imperceptibly worked a wonderful cure upon me. All the effects of the poison I had taken before wearing the talisman (for that administered to me afterwards was powerless) vanished. My intellects recovered their original vigour. I became sensible that the life of a savage was unbecoming my station and claims. I quitted the cave, and proceeded to Estepona. My appearance, you will easily conceive, was singular enough; and you cannot wonder that on my entrance into the town I was followed by every cur-dog and urchin in it. Thus attended, I sought refuge in the Convent of San Juan de Dios. In the confessional, the pious Padre Cid learned my story: he granted me absolution for my numerous sins in having been absent for so many years from the ordinances and ceremonies of the mother church. But the good father's Christian charity did not stop here; he furnished me with clothes, and assigned to me a dormitory in the convent. He further sent for Don Pablo España, the *escribano* of Estepona—a wonderful lawyer, who undertook my cause solely from a sense of its justice. I engaged and bound myself, however, to give him one half of the value of the property recovered, and likewise

to defray the law charges. Nothing could be more reasonable. The suit lasted for years, during which I was supported by my kind protector the priest. At length it was decided in my favour; the decree was issued, commanding my uncle to deliver over to me my right. Don Pablo and myself set out in joyful mood for Olbera. But I was doomed to be persecuted by unkind fortune: my vile relative seeing that he must disgorge his plunder, and be for ever exposed to the contempt of his fellow-townsmen, had converted every thing possible into money, and had left the place. The decree of the court could not therefore be served upon him. This happened at a memorable period—that of the infamous invasion of Spain by the French, under the orders of Napoleon. My uncle joined the invaders, and was, I believe, of infinite service to them as a guide and spy. Indeed it was from his information that the combined expedition of the Spaniards and English, commanded by your renowned countryman, Lord Blayney, failed. The traitor afterwards met the fate he deserved; he was put to death by the invaders—by the very men he basely served, under a suspicion that he was about to change sides again and betray them. But to return to myself. The laws in Spain are not administered in a manner which enables suitors to obtain justice; the legal functionaries usually reap the whole harvest. Nothing could be done, it appeared, towards restoring to me my property, until my uncle was forthcoming, or a formal certificate of his decease produced. The *justicia*—the court—therefore, took possession of my houses and the gardens belonging to me. At this time corps of guerillas were forming all over Spain to act against the detested French. I joined a band of *serranos* (*mountaineers*) and we performed good service to our beloved country. I was soon chosen leader. Reckless of life, I did some daring deeds; besides, my knowledge of the goat-paths and hiding places in the Sierra, acquired during my five years' residence in it, gave me great advantages. After a period, my party of guerillas was postly conveniently to the town of Olbera, in which I established my head-quarters, and from whence we directed our operations against the convoys and detachments of French troops which occasionally ventured to move between Seville and Ronda. Must I confess that I had another motive for being so frequently in Olbera? Don Carlos Archoval, the *alcalde*, the worthy successor to my unworthy uncle, had a daughter. She was indeed a mountain gem—*un almacen de gracias*; but I dare not attempt to describe her. Amongst all the beauties of Andalusia you may have looked upon, you cannot have beheld her equal; I can scarcely even now whisper her name—it was Concha. I mark your smile of pity and incredulity; but it is too true. There is no accounting for the fancies and tastes of woman—I was not an unsuccessful suitor. Our union, however, was to be delayed until more peaceful times: no matter—let me resume my narrative. If I were to relate to you the various defeats these robbers encountered at the hands of my band, the summer would not be long enough to enable me to finish my tale. I kept no regular account, but I can swear that, with my own good gun and knife, I sent to 'El Infierno' at least one hundred of the scoundrels. I must recount one of my adventures. It was, I think, about the com-

mencement of the spring of 1810 that I was in Olvera, awaiting the return of some scouts who had been sent to learn the movements of the enemy. We guerillas wore no uniform; the usual brown dress of the mountaineers was our garb. I was chatting one morning with my good friend the alcalde, when a townsman acquainted us that a French officer was entering the place, demanding billets and refreshments for a corps which was following. We hastily put on our cloaks, and sallied forth. At the end of the *Calle-ancha* (Broad-street), we encountered a young officer in the French uniform covered with dust, and mounted upon a horse exhibiting extreme fatigue. Don Carlos addressed him; and the Frenchman replied in Spanish, which he spoke fluently, demanding if the town was 'loyal and well-disposed?'—'Undoubtedly,' replied the alcalde; 'the people of Olvera will give you a good reception—they esteem highly the French.' I did not enter into the jesting humour of my friend, although I knew him to be any thing but an *afrancesado*, the name we gave to those traitors in Spain who favoured the invaders. I coldly asked the Frenchman how many of his countrymen were following. "'Two hundred,' he replied, but in such a tone of hesitation, that I at once felt persuaded that it was an exaggerated number. He did not seem disposed to confer further with me, but turned with a haughty commanding air to Don Carlos, handing to him a paper. It was a decree, signed by the intruder king Joseph Napoleon, ordering all the constituted authorities in Spain to receive with proper respect and attention their good friends the French troops. 'This shall be obeyed,' said the alcalde. We had been surrounded during the parley by a number of the inhabitants, whose countenances did not evince much friendly feeling towards the stranger, and which he evidently observed. He appeared, however, somewhat re-assured by the demeanour of Don Carlos, and dismounting from his horse, we conducted him to the *plaza* (the square), where billets were made out for the numbers he stated to be advancing. In about an hour his detachment arrived at the outskirts of the town, and I, as a volunteer guide, accompanied him to meet it. I found, as I had expected, that the boasted two hundred were about eighty dragoons, tired and dispirited with their long and painful mountain march. After a short consultation amongst the officers, I was informed that they resolved not to incommode the 'good and loyal inhabitants of Olvera,' but that they would bivouac on the spot where they now were, and occupy a small farm-yard and house near the road. I did not approve of this arrangement, as it was my intention to have called in my band during the evening, and in the course of the night to dispatch every one of the French; I therefore said all in my power to induce them to accept the very comfortable lodgings we had prepared, but without avail. I was rudely dismissed, and ordered to send, as soon as possible, provisions. 'An ox must at all events be forthcoming,' said the officer, 'and we shall then not demand any further supply of beef.' I was on my return to the plaza to consult with Don Carlos, when I was stopped in the narrow *Calle-verde* (Green-street), by a wretched borico, which had fallen under an enormous load of chopped straw, and was expiring from fatigue. 'Carne para los

Franceses' (meat for the French), said I to the idlers who were looking on. The skin was soon stripped from the dead animal, and the carcass cut up by the town butcher and carried to the dragoons. It was eagerly received, and cooking commenced. Towards evening I strolled to the French position; the invaders were at their meal, certainly making wry faces, and uttering exclamations not complimentary to the beef of Olbera. A crowd from the town had assembled, and some one shouted, 'Ye are eating asses'-flesh!' I feared this insult would have been instantly avenged; but it was passed by unheeded. Seeing that it would be impossible to effect any serious injury to the Frenchmen during their occupancy of the position outside the town, I employed myself in preparing for them a warm reception on their march. They mounted, and were on the road for Ronda before day-break; I had placed my guerillas, and such of the inhabitants who had fire-arms, along the upper crags of the mountains overhanging the road. We allowed the enemy to advance nearly a league before our fire opened upon them. One half of the robbers met at once their just fate! I myself loaded and fired five times, and each discharge sent an invader to his long account; those who escaped this deadly attack, pressed forward in desperation, and taking, by chance, the road to Setenil, avoided the advanced guard of my band. But for this, not a man could have escaped. As it was, the people of this last-named village hung upon their rear, and cut off the wounded and most fatigued. Scarcely thirty out of the eighty dragoons who were at Olbera, reached Ronda.

"I have been thus prolix in recounting to you this affair, because it was much talked of and applauded at the time; and the enemy had afterwards ample revenge! Nothing of moment occurred for many weeks subsequent to this feat. I then ventured with a small party close to Ronda, for the purpose of cutting off a convoy of provisions. We fell upon it, and had killed or wounded the entire escort, when we were suddenly attacked by a strong force which had moved out in support of the foragers, and escaped the observation of our scouts. We fought desperately; but were overpowered. Myself and three companions only, survived, and all of us badly wounded. We were conveyed prisoners to Ronda, and there thrown into a dungeon; our wounds undressed and unattended. Nevertheless we all four lived, although sad cripples; even now you see I am rather lame. At length we were restored to liberty. The *Serranos* drove the French out of Ronda and of the Sierra. Then did I find that all the misery of my previous misfortunes was but as a drop of water into the ocean compared to that which now fell upon me. Amongst our deliverers were several of the men of Olbera. From them I learned that soon after my capture, a column of infantry had been sent by the French general, commanding at Seville, to revenge, what they termed, the cold-blooded slaughter of their countrymen near our town. Terribly indeed did they perform their mission! They sacked and plundered the place;—they inflicted a cruel death upon my friend and intended father-in-law, the *alcalde*, and ———, his daughter, was dishonoured! She was of true Moorish descent. She did not survive. With her own hand she gave herself

the death-wound, but not before she had stabbed to the heart the villain ravisher !

"I was no longer able to serve : my wounds utterly incapacitated me, and my heart was nearly broken. With my helpless companions I reached the town of Manilba, where we were assisted and supported by the charitable inhabitants. We crawled daily to these springs, drinking and bathing. The virtues of these waters are great. We all of us recovered. Observe how little of my lameness remains !

"When peace was re-established, and Ferdinand, our rightful sovereign, returned to his country, I endeavoured to recover my property, but in vain. It had all been sold by the *Justicia*, during the 'troubled times,' and they tendered me, as balance of the proceeds, two doubloons, thirty-two dollars ! The remainder, it was averred, had gone to defray the unavoidable law expenses ; amongst which the charge of my old acquaintance Don Pablo España, of Estepona, was no small item.

"After a time, a speculator from Gibraltar built these houses and bath-rooms ; and, as no one could testify to the wonderful cures performed by the waters better than myself, I was appointed *administrador*, an office I have now held for many years. I enjoy perfect health. I attribute this entirely to the waters. '*Nunca bebo otra cosa*' (*I never drink any other liquid*)," concluded the old man, entirely forgetting the nightly jorums of toddy in which he had indulged himself since I had been favoured with his acquaintance.

I remained a month at Manilba ; and if I could not say, with Tio Juan, that I was completely restored to health, yet I certainly had very much recovered. I can safely recommend to any traveller in the south of Spain, or brother officer stationed at Gibraltar, an occasional visit to these baths. The "Tio" is still there. When the baggage-mule is loading, let not a small supply of *ferintosh* be forgotten, and the chatter of the old guerilla will wile away many an hour of, perhaps, an otherwise dull evening.

J. W.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Oh ! many a weary hundred years thy sires that fetter wore,
And he has worn it since the day that him his mother bore ;
And now, my son, it waits on you, the moment you are born,
The old hereditary badge of suffering and scorn !

Alas, my boy so beautiful !—alas, my love so brave !
Alas, and must your gallant limbs still drag it to the grave !
And you, my son, yet have a son, fore-doom'd a slave to be,
Whose mother still must weep o'er him the tears I weep o'er thee !

THE SONGS OF "ROOKWOOD."

IN redeeming the promise which we last month made to our readers, and placing before them an uninterrupted series of the beautiful and diversified lyrics of "Rookwood," we conceive that we shall confer no inconsiderable favour, even upon those (and we trust they are many) who are already acquainted with that energetic romance: for when borne along by the breathless excitement of a wildly interesting story, the mind is apt to regard the introduction of scattered poesy as impertinence rather than a gratification, and to pass it over without notice, and thus it not unfrequently happens that the most exquisite *morceaux* are altogether neglected. That this is the case with the readers of "Rookwood" we pretend not to say. We hope not—but still it is just possible—and for this reason, if for no other, have we resolved to consider Mr. Ainsworth's character as a song-writer, separately and distinctly from that of a novelist; and to bring within one view the many and varied aspects in which he has chosen to exhibit his powers.

Highly as we think of the romance of "Rookwood," we incline to believe that genius of a loftier order has been manifested than in the narrative in which they are woven. Mr. Ainsworth has fine poetical powers, which only require cultivation to produce their full development. The gem of song is sown within his heart. As Rogers said of Byron, the "bee has touched his lips:" music henceforth must flow from them. He has a sense of modulation and harmony which give even to the words, divested of the accompaniment of music, a musical cadence. We sing them as we read, and almost fancy the tune; and this, after all, is the secret and indescribable charm of Moore—his words ever sing—his soul is song—his faculties are harmonious. The thrush cannot pour forth strains more fresh and natural. Rythm and modulation are the tests of excellence in the lyric poet; and no man ever possessed rythmical perceptions in an equal degree with Shelley. What variety—what intonation—what singing harmony pervades all his minor poems! Every impassioned thought finds its appropriate expression clothed in the music of verse. Excepting Herrick, he was the first of our lyric poets, perhaps the first of all other lyric poets—and if our readers would form a fair estimate of his genius, let them reflect how *fade* and feeble, in comparison with his exquisite songs, are the efforts of Barry Cornwall, and the herd of lesser imitators.

The present is not a poetical age—granted. But at the same time greater encouragement was never held out to the song-writer. A ballad indifferently written, if fortunately adapted to a taking melody, and subsequently sung by some fashionable vocalist, will bring its author high repute, and what is of more consequence to himself, a return more substantial. Songs sell, and well too—as Haynes, Bayley, Planché, Ball, and others, can well testify; and knowing this, it has always surprised us that some man of real genius and talent has

not rescued the "land of song," from these interlopers. Mr. Ainsworth, we trust, will buckle on his armour, and drive these *fainéants* from the field they have so long usurped.

But to come to the lyrics before us. We have not time, at this moment, to settle the pretensions of these claimants to distinction. We shall at once proceed to the songs of "Rookwood." In this work Mr. Ainsworth has essayed almost every variety of versification, of which the laws of metre are susceptible, and has approved himself equal master of all. This will be more apparent in our collective specimens than in the book itself, where the songs only appear at distant intervals. Talent more diversified has scarcely ever, we think, been displayed within the same compass. We have ditties of all kinds—grave, gay, humorous, impassioned, bacchanalian, and flash. His lute is pitched in all keys. He now strikes the chord with all the fervour and passion of a Spanish serenader—now with the wild hubbub-exciting merriment of the Canting Crew—now with all the dreariness of one who sings "worms, and epitaphs, and graves,"—now he bursts forth with all the sparkling vivacity of a French *chanson à boire*—again dashes into the reckless jollity, coupled with the breadth and frolic of a roaring Irishman—subsides into melancholy and pathos—aspires again into enraptured mysticism—and then, anon patters all the racy and unctuous jargon of the members of "the Family." Specimens of all these varieties we shall now place in juxtaposition. Our first extract shall be from one of the old sepulchral strains, which, independent of the force and originality of the verse, presents, we think, a most striking picture. The effect of this ballad upon ourselves was precisely that of a hideous nightmare. It is like one of Fuseli's creations. Listen to

"THE COFFIN.

"In a church-yard upon the sward a coffin there was laid,
And leaning stood, beside the wood, a Sexton on his spade.
A coffin old and black it was, and fashioned curiously,
With quaint device of carved oak, in hideous fantasie.

"For here was wrought the sculptured thought of a tormented face,
With serpents lithe that round it writhe, in folded strict embrace.
Grim visages of grinning fiends were at each corner set,
And emblematic scrolls, mort-heads, and bones, together met.

"'Ah, well-a-day!' that Sexton gray unto himself did cry,
'Beneath that lid much lieth hid—much awful mystérie.
It is an ancient coffin from the abbey that stood here;
Perchance it holds an abbot's bones, perchance those of a freere.

"'In digging deep, where monks do sleep, beneath yon cloister shrined,
That coffin old, within the mould, it was my chance to find;
The costly carvings of the lid I scraped full carefully,
In hope to get at name or date, yet nothing could I see.

"'With pick and spade I've plied my trade, for sixty years and more,
Yet never found, beneath the ground, shell strange as that before;
Full many coffins have I seen—have seen them deep or flat,
Fantastical in fashion—none fantastical as that.'

- " And saying so, with heavy blow the lid he shattered wide,
And pale with fright, a ghastly sight that Sexton gray espied,
A miserable sight it was, that loathsome corpse to see,
The last, last, dreary, darksome stage of fallen humanity.
- " Though all was gone save reeky bone, a green and grisly heap,
With scarce a trace of fleshly face, strange posture did it keep.
The hands were clench'd, the teeth were wrench'd, as if the wretch had
risen,
E'en after death had ta'en his breath, to strive and burst his prison.
- " The neck was bent, the nails were rent, no limb or joint was straight ;
Together glued, with blood imbued, black and coagulate.
And as the Sexton stooped him down, to lift the coffin plank,
His fingers were defiled all o'er with slimy substance dank.
- " ' Ah, well-a-day ! ' that Sexton gray unto himself did cry,
' Full well I see how Fate's decree foredoomed this wretch to die ;
A living man, a breathing man, within the coffin thrust,
Alack ! alack ! the agony ere he returned to dust.'
- " A vision drear did then appear unto that Sexton's eyes ;
Like that poor wight before him straight he in a coffin lies.
He lieth in a trance within that coffin close and fast ;
Yet though he sleepeth now, he feels he shall awake at last.
- " The coffin then, by reverend men, is borne with footstep slow,
Where tapers shine before the shrine—where breathes the requiem low,
And for the dead the prayer is said, for the soul that is *not* flown,
Then all is drown'd in hollow sound, the earth is o'er him thrown.
- " He draweth breath—he wakes from death to life more horrible,
To agony ! such agony ! no living tongue may tell.
Die ! die ! he must, that wretched one ! he struggles, strives in vain ;
No more heaven's light, nor sunshine bright, shall he behold again.
- " ' Gramercy, Lord ! ' the Sexton roar'd, awakening suddenly,
' If this be dream, yet doth it seem most dreadful so to die.
Oh, cast my body in the sea ! or hurl it on the shore !
But nail me not in coffin fast—no grave will I dig more.' "

Is not this of the earth, earthy—of the grave, gravelike ? In the same vein is the "Mandrake." It has all the profundity of Sir Thomas Browne combined with the melodiousness of Shelley. We could fancy it was a snatch of old Webster, whom the author has well placed at the head of our elder dramatists :—

"THE MANDRAKE.*

"The Mandrake grows 'neath the gallows-tree,
And rank and green are its leaves to see ;
Green and rank, as the grass that waves
Over the unctuous earth of graves.

* "The imaginary malignant and fatal influence of this plant is frequently alluded to by our elder dramatists ; and with one of the greatest of them, Webster, (as might be expected from a charnel muse, that revels like a ghoul in graves and sepulchres, and rakes up hideous and revolting lore,) it is an especial favourite for illustration. But none have plunged so deeply into the disquisition of the suppositious virtues of the Mandrake, as the learned and profound Sir

And though all around it be bleak and bare,
Freely the Mandrake flourisheth there.

Maranatha—Anathema!

Dread is the curse of Mandragora!

Euthanasy!—

"At the foot of the gibbet the Mandrake springs,
Just where the creaking carcass swings;
Some have thought it engendered
From the fat that drops from the bones of the dead;
Some have thought it a human thing;
But this is a vain imagining.

Maranatha—Anathema!

Dread is the curse of Mandragora!

Euthanasy!

"A charnel leaf doth the Mandrake wear,
A charnel fruit doth the Mandrake bear;
Yet none like the Mandrake hath such great power,
Such virtue resides not in herb or flower;
Anconite, hemlock, or moonshade, I ween,
None hath a poison so subtle and keen.

Maranatha—Anathema!

Dread is the curse of Mandragora!

Euthanasy!

"And whether the Mandrake be create
Flesh with the flower incorporate,
I know not; yet, if from the earth 'tis rent,
Shrieks and groans from the root are sent;
Shrieks and groans, and a sweat like gore
Oozes, and drops from the clammy core.

Maranatha—Anathema!

Dread is the curse of Mandragora!

Euthanasy!

"Whoso gathereth the Mandrake, shall surely die;
Blood for blood is his destiny.
Some who have plucked it have died with groans,
Like to the Mandrake's expiring moans;
Some have died raving, and some beside—
With penitent prayers—but *all* have died.

Jesu! save us, by night and day!

From the terrible death of Mandragora!

Euthanasy!"

Thomas Browne. He tears up the fable, root and branch. Concerning the danger ensuing from the eradication of the Mandrake, he thus writeth:—"The last assertion is, that there follows a hazard of life to them that pull it up, that some evil fate pursues them, and that they live not very long hereafter. Therefore the attempt hereof among the ancients was not in ordinary way; but, as Pliny informeth, when they intended to take up the root of this plant, they took the wind thereof, and with a sword describing three circles about it, they digged it up, looking toward the West. A conceit not only injurious unto truth and confutable by daily experience, but somewhat derogatory unto the Providence of God; that is, not only to impose so destructive a quality on any plant, but to conceive a vegetable whose parts are so useful unto many, should, in the only taking up, prove mortal unto any. This were to introduce a second forbidden fruit, and enhance the first malediction, making it not only mortal for Adam to taste the one, but capital for his posterity to eradicate, or dig up the other."—*Vulgar Errors*, Book ii., c. vi.

The burthen of this song is magnificent. How the blessing springs from the malediction—

" *Maranatha! Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!*"

Not quite equal to the foregoing, but still not without merit, is—

"THE YEW.

"A noxious tree is the church-yard yew,
As if from the dead its sap it drew ;*
Dark are its branches, and dismal to see,
Like plumes at Death's latest solemnity.
Spectral and jagged, and black as the wings
Which some spirit of ill o'er a sepulchre flings:
Oh! a terrible tree is the church-yard yew ;—
Like it is nothing so ghastly to view.

"Yet this baleful tree hath a core so sound,
Can nought so tough in the grove be found ;
From it were fashioned brave English bows,
The boast of our isle, and the dread of its foes,
For our sturdy sires cut their stoutest staves
From the branch that hung o'er their fathers' graves:
And though it be dreary and dismal to view,
Staunch at the heart is the church-yard yew."

In the original these songs derive much of their peculiar character from being chaunted by an old sexton, whose talk is for ever of "the dead and their house the grave." We will not surfeit our readers with horrors, but will now strike a livelier note. Here is a delicious *ritornella*, which we should like to hear from the lips of the lady of our love, or, next to her, from those of the fair Stephens. This is one of those songs which we before stated scarce need the aid of music. It has nevertheless been feelingly arranged by Mr. F. Romer.†

"LA GITANILLA.

"By the Guadalquivir,
Ere the sun be flown,
By that glorious river
Sits a maid alone.
Like the sun-set splendour
Of that current bright,
Shone her dark eyes, tender
As its witching light:

* ——— Metuenda que succo
Taxus.—STATIUS.

† We are happy to find that the high opinion which we have all along entertained of these songs has been corroborated by their announcement in a separate publication, adapted to music by Mr. F. Romer, a gentleman of rising talent in his profession. Mr. Romer has published his selection under the same title as the present article, and dedicated it to the Countess of Blesington.

THE SONGS OF "ROOKWOOD."

Like the ripple flowing,
 Tinged with purple sheen,
 Darkly, richly, glowing,
 Is her warm cheek seen.
 'Tis the Gitanilla,
 By the stream doth linger,
 In the hope that eve
 Will her lover bring her.

" See, the sun is sinking !
 All grows dim, and dies ;
 See, the waves are drinking
 Glories of the skies.
 Day's last lustre playeth
 On that current dark ;
 Yet no speck betrayeth
 His long looked-for bark.
 'Tis the hour of meeting !
 Nay,—the hour is past.
 Swift the time is fleeting !
 Fleeteth Hope as fast.
 Still the Gitanilla
 By the stream doth linger,
 In the hope that night
 Will her lover bring her."

Our next specimen shall be of the devotional and mystical kind. The following hymn approaches very nearly in excellence to Margaret's imploration of the *Mater Dolorosa* in Goëthe's *Faust*:—

"HYMN TO ST. THECLA.

" In my trouble, in my anguish,
 In the depths of my despair,
 As in grief and pain I languish,
 Unto thee I raise my prayer.
 Sainted Virgin ! martyr d maiden !
 Let thy countenance incline
 Upon one with woes o'erladen,
 Kneeling lowly at thy shrine ;
 That in agony, in terror,
 In her blind perplexity,
 Wandering weak in doubt and error,
 Calling feebly upon thee.
 Sinful thoughts, sweet Saint, oppress me,
 Thoughts that will not be dismissed ;
 Temptations dark possess me,
 Which my strength may not resist.
 I am full of pain, and weary
 Of my life, I fain would die ;
 Unto me the world is dreary ;
 To the grave for rest I fly.
 For rest ! oh, could I borrow
 Thy bright wings, celestial dove !
 They should waft me from my sorrow,
 Where peace dwells in bowers above.

Upon one with woes o'erladen,
Kneeling lowly at thy shrine ;
Sainted Virgin! martyr'd maiden!
Let thy countenance incline.

Mei miserere, Virgo,

Requiem æternam dona !

" By thy loveliness—thy purity,
Unpolluted—undefiled,
That in serene security
Upon earth's temptations smiled ;—
By the fetters that constrained thee,
By thy flame-attested faith ;
By the fervour that sustained thee,
By thine angel-ushered death ;—
By thy soul's divine elation,
'Mid thine agonies assuring
Of thy sanctified translation,
To beatitude enduring ;—
By the mystic interfusion
Of thy spirit with the rays
That in ever-bright profusion
Round the throne eternal blaze ;—
By thy portion now partaken,
With the pain-perfected Just ;
Look on one of hope forsaken,
From the gates of mercy thrust ;
Upon one with woes o'erladen,
Kneeling lowly at thy shrine,
Sainted Virgin! martyr'd maiden,
Let thy countenance incline.

Ora pro me mortis horâ

Sancta Virgo oro te !

Kyrie Eleison !"

Take the following as a contrast :—

" THE TWICE-USED RING.

' Beware thy bridal day,'
On her death-bed, sighed my mother ;
' Beware—beware, I say,
Death shall wed thee, and no other.
Cold the hand shall grasp thee,
Cold the arms shall clasp thee,
Colder lips thy kiss shall smother—
Beware thy bridal kiss.

" ' Thy wedding ring shall be
From a clay-cold finger taken ;
From one that, like to thee,
Was by her love forsaken.
For a twice-used ring
Is a fatal thing ;
Her griefs who wore it are partaken—
Beware that fatal ring.

" ' The altar and the grave,
Many steps are not asunder ;
Bright banners o'er thee wave,
Shrouded horror lieth under.

Blithe may sound the bell,
 Yet 'twill toll thy knell;
 Scathed thy chaplet by the thunder—
 Beware that blighted wreath.'

"Beware my bridal day!
 Dying lips my doom have spoken;
 Deep tones call me away;
 From the grave is sent a token.
 Cold—cold fingers bring
 That ill-omen'd ring,
 Soon will a *second* heart be broken;
This is my bridal day."

Or this, which we suspect will realize what the Germans call the principle of antagonism. It is sung by the gay Tom King—next to Du Val, one of the pleasantest fellows on the road:—

" PLEDGE OF THE HIGHWAYMAN.

- "Come fill up a bumper to Eve's fairest daughters,
 Who have lavished their smiles on the brave and the free;
 Toast the sweethearts of Dudley, Hind, Wilmot, and Waters,*
 Whate'er their attractions, whate'er their degree.
 Pledge—pledge in a bumper, each kind-hearted maiden,
 Whose bright eyes were dimmed at the Highwayman's fall—
 Who stood by the gallows with sorrow o'erladen,
 Bemoaning the fate of the gallant Du Val.†
- "Here's to each pretty lass chance of war bringeth near one,
 Whom, with manner impassioned, we tenderly stop;
 And to whom, like the lover addressing his dear one,
 In terms of entreaty *the question* we pop.
 How oft in such case rosy lips have proved sweeter
 Than the rosiest book—bright eyes saved a bright ring,
 While that *one other* kiss has bought off a *repeater*;
 And a bead as a *favour*—the *favourite* string.
- "With our hearts ready rifled, each pocket we rifle,
 With the pure flame of chivalry stirring our breast;
 Life's risk for our *mistress's praise* is a trifle;
 And each purse is a *trophy* our *homage* attests.

"* Four celebrated highwaymen, all rejoicing in the honourable distinction of Captain."

"† Of this gay and chivalrous robber, his flageolet and *couranto*, his *bonnes fortunes*, his masked visitants, his gorgeous funeral, and the crowd of damsels who bewailed his loss, we have spoken at some length in our first volume; but they who desire to hear more of him will do well, if they are not already acquainted with it, to turn to a delightful essay on the subject of *Thieves, Ancient and Modern*, in Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, in which there is a sparkling sketch of the gallant Claude. Our only regret is that Mr. Hunt did not expatiate more upon the Highwaymen; but we trust he will repair this error in the *London Journal*, and give us a brilliant page or two on the denizens of the empire of High Toby. *A-propos* of the *London Journal*, let us, even in a hasty note, wish Mr. Hunt all the success in his new undertaking, which he so richly merits; and counsel all our readers who love the cordial, the kindly, the amiable, the poetical, the fanciful, and the *reasonable* in every sense, at once to become subscribers to this pleasantest of pleasant hebdomadabs. He who can turn even '*stones*' to gems must possess a subtle alchemy."

Then toss off your glasses to all girls of spirit,
 Ne'er with names, or with number, your memories vex;
 Our toast, boys, embraces each woman of merit,
 And for fear of omission we'll toast the WHOLE SEX!"

Often as it has been quoted, nay, indeed, printed in the play-bills of Astley's (and that most incorrectly), we must give Turpin's affectionate eulogy of his mare—after such praise, how could he ride her to the death?

"BLACK BESS.

- "Let the lover his mistress's beauty rehearse,
 And laud her attractions in languishing verse;
 Be it mine in rude strains, but with *truth* to express,
 The love that I bear to my bonny Black Bess.
- "From the west was her dam, from the east was her sire,
 From the one came her swiftness, the other her fire;
 No peer of the realm better blood can possess,
 Than flows in the veins of my bonny Black Bess.
- "Look! look! how that eyeball glows bright as a brand!
 That neck proudly arches, those nostrils expand!
 Mark! that wide-flowing mane! of which each silky tress
 Might adorn prouder beauties—though none like Black Bess.
- "Mark! that skin sleek as velvet, and dusky as night,
 With its jet undisfigured by one lock of white;
 That throat branched with veins, prompt to charge or caress,
 Now is she not beautiful—bonny Black Bess?
- "Over highway and byeway, in rough and smooth weather,
 Some thousands of miles have we journeyed together;
 Our couch the same straw, and our meal the same mess,
 No couple more constant than I and Black Bess.
- "By moonlight, in darkness, by night, or by day,
 Her headlong career there is nothing can stay.
 She cares not for distance—she knows not distress—
 Can you show me a courser to match with Black Bess?
- "Once it happened in Cheshire, near Dunham, I popped
 On a horseman alone, whom I speedily stopped;
 That I lightened his pockets you'll readily guess—
 Quick work makes Dick Turpin when mounted on Bess.
- "Now it seems the man knew me; 'Dick Turpin,' said he,
 'You shall swing for this job, as you live d'ye see';
 I laughed at his threats and his vows of redress,
 I was sure of an *alibi* then with Black Bess.
- "The road was a hollow, a sunken ravine,*
 Overshadowed completely by wood like a screen;
 I clambered the bank, and I needs must confess
 That one touch of the spur grazed the side of Black Bess.

* The exact spot where Turpin committed this well-known robbery, and which has often been pointed out to us, lies in what is now a woody hollow, M.M.—No. 103.

" Brake, brook, meadow, and plough'd field, Bess fleetly bestrode,
As the crow wings her flight, we selected our road,
We arrived at Hough Green in five minutes or less,
My neck, it was saved, by the speed of Black Bess.

" Stepping carelessly forward, I lounge on the green,
Taking excellent care that by all I am seen,
Some remarks on time's flight, to the squires I address,
But I say not a word of the flight of Black Bess.

" I mention the hour—it was just about four—
Play a rubber at bowls—think the danger is o'er,
When athwart my next game, like a checkmate at chess,
Comes the horseman in search of the rider of Bess.

" What matter details? Off with triumph I came,
He swears to the hour—and the squires swear the same,
I had robbed him at *four*—while at four *they* profess
I was quietly bowling—all thanks to Black Bess.

" Then one halloo, boys—one loud cheering halloo—
To the swiftest of coursers—the gallant, the true ;
For the sportsman unborn, shall the memory bless,
Of the horse of the high wayman—bonny Black Bess !"

We now come to one of the most racy and original compositions in the volume, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it the very best flash song ever written. We are not so rich as the French or Spaniards are in this species of writing ; but we can boast some few good specimens, though not at all to be compared with Mr. Ainsworth's ditty. It is one of those *ballades à reprises* which, according to Vidocq, are generally *aussi longues qu'un faubourg*. Our author ought to have christened it, as we shall christen it, the

" AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JERRY JUNIPER.

" In a box ^a of the Stone Jug ^b I was born,
Of a hempen widow ^c the kid forlorn.
Fake away.
And my father, as I've heard say,
Fake away,
Was a merchant of capers ^d gay,
Who cut his last fling with great applause,
^e Nix my doll palls, fake away.

though once the old road from Altringham to Knutsford, skirting the rich and sylvan domains of Dunham, and descending the hill which brings you to the bridge crossing the river Bollin. With some little difficulty we penetrated this ravine ; it is just the locality for such an adventure. A small brook wells through it, and the steep banks are overhung with every description of timber, and was, the other day, a perfect nest of primroses and wild flowers. Hough (pronounced Hoo) Green lies, we believe, at about three miles distance across the country—the way Turpin rode. The old Bowling Green is one of the pleasantest inns in Cheshire.

^a Cell.

^b Newgate.

^c A woman whose husband has been hanged.

^d A dancing master.

^e " Nothing, comrades, on, on," supposed to be addressed by a thief to his confederates.

"Who cut his last fling with great applause^a,
To the tune of a 'hearty choke with caper sauce.'

Fake away.

The knucks in quod^b did my schoolmen play,

Fake away,

And put me up to the time of day;

Until at last there was none so knowing,

Nix my doll palls, fake away.

"Until at last there was none so knowing,
No such sneaksman^c or buzgloak^d going,

Fake away.

Fogles^e and fawnies^f soon went their way,

Fake away,

To the spout^g with the sneezers^h in grand array,

No dummy hunterⁱ had forks^k so fly;

Nix my doll palls, fake away.

"No dummy hunter had forks so fly,
No knuckler^l so deftly could fake a cly^m,

Fake away.

No slour'd hoxterⁿ my snipes^o could stay,

Fake away.

None knap a reader^p like me in the Lay.

Soon then I mounted in swell-street high.

Nix my doll palls, fake away.

"Soon then I mounted in swell-street high,
And sported my flashiest toggery^q,

Fake away,

Firmly resolved I would make my hay,

Fake away,

While Mercury's star shed a single ray,

And ne'er was there seen such a dashing prig^r,

Nix my doll palls, fake away.

"And ne'er was there seen such a dashing prig,
With my strummel faked in the newest twig^s.

Fake away.

With my fawnied famms^t, and my onions gay^u,

Fake away;

My thimble of ridge^v, and my driz kemesa^w;

All my togs were so niblike^x and splash,

Nix my doll palls, fake away.

^a Thus Victor Hugo, in *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, makes an imprisoned felon sing,

J'li ferai danser une danse
Où il n'y a pas de plancher.

^b Thieves in prison.

^c Shoplifter.

^d Pickpocket.

^e Handkerchiefs.

^f Rings.

^g To the pawnbroker.

^h Snuff boxes.

ⁱ Pickpocket.

^k The two fore-fingers used in picking a pocket.

^l Pickpocket.

^m Pick a pocket.

ⁿ No inside coat pocket, buttoned up.

^o Scissars.

^p Steal a pocket-book.

^q Best-made clothes.

^r Thief.

^s With my hair dressed in the first fashion.

^t With several rings on my hands.

^u Seals.

^v Gold Watch.

^w Laced shirt.

^x Gentlemanlike.

"THE RAPPAREES.

"Let the Englishman boast of his Turpins and Shepherds, as cocks of the walk,
His Mulsacks, and Cheney's, and Swiftnecks—it's all botheration and talk;
Compared with the robbers of Ireland, they don't come within half a mile,
There never were yet any rascals, like those of my own native isle.

"First and foremost comes REDMOND O'HANLON, allowed the first thief of the world,
That o'er the broad province of Ulster, the Rapparee banner unfurl'd;
O'ch! he was an elegant fellow, as ever you saw in your life,
At fingering the blunderbuss trigger, or handling the throat-cutting knife.

"And then such a dare devil squadron as that which composed REDMOND'S tail!
Meel, Mactigh, Jack Reilly, Shan Bernagh, Phil Galloge, and Arthur O'Neal;
Shure never were any boys like 'em, for rows, *agitation*, and *sprees*:
Scarce a *rap* did they leave in the country, and hence they were called *Rapparees*.

"Next comes POWER the great Tory of Munster, a gentleman born every inch,
And strong JACK MACPHERSON of Leinster, a horse shoe who broke at a pinch;
The last was a fellow so *lively*, not death e'en his courage could damp,
For as he was led to the gallows, he played his own own 'march to the camp.'

"PADDY FLEMING, DICK BALF, and MULHONI, I think are the next on my list,
All adepts in the beautiful science of giving a pocket a twist;
JEMMY CARRICK must follow his leaders, *ould* Purney who put in a huff,
By dancing a hornpipe at Tyburn, and bothering the hangman for snuff.

"There's PAUL LIDDY the curl-pate Tory, whose noddle was stuck on a spike,
And BILLY DELANY the "*Songster*," we never shall meet with his like;
For his neck by a witch was anointed, and warranted safe by her charm,
No hemp that was ever yet twisted, his wonderful throttle could harm.

"And lastly there's CAHIR NA CAPPUL, the handiest rogue of them all,
Who only need whisper a word, and your horse will trot out of his stall;
Your tit is not safe in your stable, though you or your groom should be near,
And devil a bit in the paddock, if CAHIR gets *hould* of his ear.

"Then success to the Tories of Ireland, the generous, the gallant, the gay,
With them the best *Rumpads* of England are not to be named the same day;
And were further proof wanting to show what precedence we take with our *prigs*,
Recollect that *our* robbers are *TORIES*, while those of *your* country are *WHIGS*."

The notes to this song are amusing and instructive, but too long to be extracted. In fact, we have already exceeded our limits. One other sombre strain and we have done.

"THE SEXTON'S SONG."

"The Carrion Crow is a Sexton bold,
He raketh the dead from out the mould;
He delveth the ground like a miser old,
Stealthily hiding his store of gold.
Caw! Caw!

"The Carrion Crow hath a coat of black,
Silky and sleek, like a priest's, to his back;
Like a lawyer he grubbeth—no matter what way—
The fouler the offal, the richer his prey.
Caw! Caw! the Carrion Crow!
Dig! Dig! in the ground below!

"The Carrion Crow hath a dainty maw,
With savoury pickings he crammeth his crow:
Kept meat from the gibbet it pleaseth his whim,
It never can *hang* too long for him.
Caw! Caw!

"The Carrion Crow smelleth powder, 'tis said,
Like a soldier escheweth the taste of cold lead;
No jester or mime hath more marvellous wit,
For wherever he lighteth he maketh a hit.
Caw! Caw! the Carrion Crow!
Dig! Dig! in the ground below!"

We think we have said enough, and quoted enough, to prove that
Mr. Ainsworth deserves a high rank among the poets of the day.

PAST RECOLLECTIONS.

THE sun breaks the dream of the flowers,
Their bells turn to heaven as in prayer;
The dew sleeps like peace on the bowers,—
The sweetness of morning is there.
But I see not the Cheviot's bleak front,
White as snow o'er the heather-clad hills;
I see not the woods I was wont,
I hear not the voice of their rills.
Northumbria! my heart is with thee—
It roams near thy bloom-border'd streams,
By the Coquet's wild path to the sea,
And the Allan, bright in the sunbeams.
It lingers where hangs the green willow,
Sad witness of Love's early vow:
And mourns o'er the daisy-deck'd pillow,
My Mary's lone resting place now.
Though my eyes on thy beauties may rest again never,
Northumbria! my spirit roams o'er thee for ever!

J. W. T.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—SECOND YARN.

At the usual time I hurried into my corner, lit my cigar, and waited patiently for the congregation. Jack Murray soon arrived, and the topmen mustering thick, he was soon called upon to finish his yarn.

“ Well, lads, I can tell you there is nothing ’tic’lar to come, but if you will hear what became of uncle, here goes :—

“ After the ship’s company had got possession of the ship, and been murdering every body fore and aft, they gave the command to my uncle, gave him the captain’s cabin, and every thing ship-shape. Well, when all the row was over, and the men began to cool a-bit, my uncle hauled the ship to the wind till the next morning, that they might determine what they would do with her. Well, when she was all snug for the night, under double-reefed topsails and courses, down goes my uncle into his cabin, to lay down and think of what he had done. He was a kind-hearted man, and was very sorry to have shed so much blood, and this made him rather melancholy, and the loss of his messmate, poor Brown, and all together he could not get to sleep at all ; well, after he had been rolling about some time in his cot, he heard a noise in the cabin like somebody moving ; he thought at first it was only fancy, so he laid still a little while to listen, but he heard it again, so out he jumps, grasps his cutlass, and moves over to the starboard side where the noise comes from ; it was quite dark, and just as he was groping his way somebody caught hold of him, and cried, ‘ Save me ! save me ! ’ so he seizes hold of the feller, and asks who he was—and who do you think it was ?—why old Nibcheese (purser) ; directly the row began he had stowed himself away in the quarter gallery ; and so he begs of my uncle to save his life, and he would do any thing—he would be my uncle’s servant, any thing, if he would save his life—my uncle promised him he would, and the next morning he told the ship’s company what he had done ; and, after a good deal of palaver, they all agreed not to kill him, though they did not like him much, for he had made many dead men ‘ chew tobacco ; ’ but, however, they were tired of killing, so they only made him promise that if they saved his life he would not inform against them, even if he should have an opportunity, all this he promised—that was all right ; now they had only to settle what they would do with the ship, so my uncle called all the men aft to think about it ; just as they were all tumbling up from below, the man at the mast-head shouted, ‘ a sail a-head ! ’ all hands were now on the look out, some thought it was best to bear up and get out of her way, but my uncle said, ‘ wait a little, lads, till I go aloft and see what she is ; ’ so up he goes with a spy-glass in his fist, and gets a squint at her from the foretop-mast cross-trees, down he came, flying, by the backstays, and aft he goes : ‘ lads,’ he says, says he, ‘ that’s no man-of-war, she’s no more nor a merchant ship bound for England,’ and he says, ‘ I am an old man, and have got a wife and four children in England, and I

can't make up my mind to leave them ; so, lads,' says he, 'I shall just go home in this here craft as is a-coming up, and take my chance ; I dare say I shall be able to get into the country and pick up a living where I am not known, and die in old England.' Well, so all the men tried to persuade him not to go, 'for,' says they, 'you are sure to be found out, and you shall have command of this ship as long as you like ;' but it would not do, he was determined to go home, 'cause, as he told my father, he could not bear the thought of never seeing old England again. It happened luckily one of the men was able to speak Spanish, so they dressed him out as flashy as a new-made luff, and sent him on board the merchant ship with my uncle as interpreter, and told them it was a Spanish frigate, and asked them if they would give my uncle a passage to England, they said they would ; so he returned on board the *Hermione* to pack up his traps, and, after shaking hands with all his old shipmates, was just going over the side, when up comes old Nibcheese, and begged to be allowed to go with him to England, promising he would not say a word about what had happened ; all the men laughed at him at first, and pushed him back ; but my uncle said he would trust him, and prevailed upon the men to let him go ; every body advised him not to take the old rascal, but he did, and so they went on board together, and spun a yarn about being left at the hospital, and all that sort o'gammon, and it was all right. Away they went with a spanking breeze for England, and soon lost sight of the frigate. In three days they made the Lizard, and run up Channel with a fair wind, a good south-wester—that's the ticket, is'n't it, lads?"

"Aye, aye ! Jack, but go on."

"Well, when they got off Plymouth, my uncle asked them to put him on shore ; and a fishing-boat coming alongside, away he went with old Nibcheese, and soon landed at Mutton Cove. Up they went together ; the purser said my uncle should go to an inn with him and be his guest, and not pay a farthing. He refused at first, but at last away they went together to the Albion in Fore-street, Dock ; it was called Dock then, not Devonport ;—you mind when it was called Dock, don't you Will?"

"Aye, that I do," said old Will Gibbon, puffing out a volume of smoke that would have stifled any body but a galley ranger.

"Well, when they got to the inn, down they sat to a good dinner, and after that they began to drink, and my uncle was soon glad to go to bed ; away he went, and directly he was safely housed, what do you think that d—— d—— rascally purser did ? Why away he went to the admiral's secretary, and told him the whole affair ; so the master of arms, a luff tackle, a serjeant with a party of Joeys from the flag-ship, were sent to the Albion to bring my uncle on board the flag-ship. They dragged him out of bed, took him on board, and clapt him, both legs in irons, with a sentry over him, down in the forehold, and it was not till the morning that he heard who it was betrayed him ; and when he was told, he said he would rather be in the situation he was then, both legs in irons and sure of being hung in a few days, than he would be such a mean dastardly scoundrel as the purser. Well, there was no help for him, poor

feller: it was reported to the Admiralty, and a court martial was ordered to sit upon him that day week; he had that time to prepare his defence, and it was then he wrote to my father; I wish I could find the letter, but I can't—it was a beautiful letter—I hope I arn't lost it. But howsomnever, that's neither here nor there. At last the time came as he was to be tried; at nine o'clock off went the gun and up went the Union Jack to the peak, as a signal for a court martial. A guard was drawn up on the quarter-deck of the Admiral's ship to receive the skippers; at about ten aboard they all came, roast-beef coats and all a-tanto. My uncle was called in. It's no use, lads, spinning you a yarn about the court martial, 'cause as how I don't know nothing more nor he was condemned to be hanged on the Friday, that was Tuesday; so he was led back to his prison and put in irons as afore. Here he remained miserable enough till Friday came. All was prepared by nine o'clock; a gun fired—a platform was rigged out by the guess warp boom, the running part led on deck through a snatch-block, with a party of black list men to run him up. The hands were turned up on board every ship in the squadron. My uncle was led out. The skipper and the admiral was a-standing on deck. The provost martial, with his fore-and-after athwart ships, had charge of the prisoner, and as he was walking forward he touched his hat as he passed the captain and the admiral. So the admiral says, 'Prisoner,' says he, 'by the sentence you must die at eleven o'clock—it is now half-past ten; if you have any thing to say privately to me, or publicly to the ship's company, do it at once.'—'Yes, Sir,' says my uncle, 'I should like to speak to the ship's company.' So the admiral ordered silence, and my uncle turning round, said, 'My lads, I am now going to die, for having mutinied against my captain and afterwards murdered him. I acknowledge the justice of my sentence; but in justice to myself and my old shipmates, I must say we put up with the most tyrannical conduct; we worked morning, noon, and night, put up with every thing rather than mutiny, till at last the captain threw our messmate overboard like a dog; we were no longer able to command ourselves—this drove us quite mad, and we mutinied; and though I know nothing can justify mutiny, I hope my case will be a warning to all captains that h'majesty will be better served by a ship's company that love than one that fear their captain.' Well, lads, the ship's company all pressed forward to shake hands with my uncle, and after the admiral, the skipper, and the captain, had shaken hands with him, the gun fired, and up he went to the yard-arm, and from there I hope he went to heaven."

It wanted yet an hour of the time for piping the hammocks down. The galley was still full, and I did not despair of hearing another yarn; so lighting another cigar I returned to my station, where I had not waited long before Jack Murray, re-filling his pipe, addressed Will Gibbon—

"Come, Will, my bo', it's your turn now to tip us a stave out of that old muzzle of thine."

"There won't be time, I doubt," said Old Will, pretending to hesitate, but who was too confirmed a "yarner" to forego the pleasure

of surprising the "greenhorns," by exercising the prerogative belonging only to those who have doubled the Cape.

"Oh, lots of time, bo'," said Jack, "I HEARD the first Leaftenant say he would not pipe down till three bells, and it's only just gone one."

"Well, lads, did I ever tell you of the mutiny on board o' the Comus?"

"No, no; let's have it Will," said the listeners, who were quite enamoured of mutinies since Jack's yarn.

"Well, lads, the Comus, you know, was one o' your thirty-sixes, and the time as I was in her was commanded by Captain Smith, a reg'lar Tartar I can tell you that, though not so bad as Captain Pigot; he was as smart a sailor as ever stepped between decks, and a reg'lar fire-eater; he feared neither God or Devil. He was the man as fought the Milbrook ten-gun schooner against a privateer carrying thirty guns, and thrashed her too—aye, did he. Well; it was just arter the mutiny, when every body in the fleet was discontented and ready for another row, we was sent away with about forty men that the Admiral sent on board, 'cause he said Captain Smith was the man for taming them. Well; we went away to Malta. Captain Smith, for all he was such a Tartar, was liked by all hands; for he didn't bully, he only made us do our duty; but since the forty new hands had come on board every thing went on differently; they were always getting drunk at night, and getting five dozen next forenoon. The boatswain began to talk with the men, and advise them to follow the example of the fleet. At last, almost the whole ship's company had agreed to murder the captain and the rest of the officers, and run away with the ship. But nobody could settle how it should be done. The keys of the magazine were always in the captain's cabin, and all the cutlasses were in the gunner's store-room; they had been taken from over the guns ever since the mutiny in the fleet. The captain always slept with a pair of pistols on his pillow, and he had given particular orders that nobody should enter his cabin without being introduced by the first leaftenant. Well; all this made it hard work; nobody knew what to do. At last, the boatswain tried to gain the joeys; but this was no go. They were all 'pauled' now. The next thing they tried was to get me over. I was captain's coxswain, and they thought I should be of use. The boatswain was the first man that spake to me about it. I told him at once I would have nothing to do with it, 'cause I liked the skipper; he was a good feller on the whole, and if a man did his duty he had nothing to fear. The boatswain only laughed at me, and said he would cut my throat. So I told him, without he promised not to have any thing to do with it, and prevent the others, I would tell the captain. He was a d——d cunning chap; he pretended to hesitate, and at last told me he would think of it, and give me an answer to-morrow night. So as I did not wish to get all the fellers into a row, I didn't say nothing about it; but I suspected the boatswain, so I kept a sharp look out to windward, for I was determined to stand by the skipper.

"When to-morrow came, the boatswain says to me, 'Will Gibbon,' says he, 'I've been a-thinking about what you was a saying of, and

I thinks as how it would be better to let it alone, for the skipper is a rum one to deal with; so Gibbon,' says he, 'dón't you think no more about it; for it shan't happen!'—'Very well, Sir,' says I, and so I went away, but I thought it worn't over yet, for the boatswain was a wengeful feller. But howsomnever all went on very well, we had a spanking breeze till we seed Malta, then the wind headed off us, and the skipper turned the hands up to work ship; we soon hauled her to the wind, and stood away on the starboard tack, making a good leg that we might run in next tack. I worn't thinking o' nothing, standing by the lee-main-brace, for it worn't my turn at the conn, when up comes Dick Salter (he was a bit o' a chummie of mine, I had spoken to him about the boatswain, and he agreed to stand by the skipper and be on the look out) and says, 'Will,' says he, 'there's the boatswain talking to a party o' faukslemen (forecastle-men) and foretopmen, keep a look out,' says he. 'Aye! aye!' says I. I thought there would be a row every minute, so I walks for'ed (forwards) to see how things were going on, but as I got on to the gangway there it was hands about ship. 'Stations!' cries the skipper, so aft I goes to stand by to let go the lee-main-brace. The skipper always carried on himself, so he begins—'Ready oh! ready! quarter-master put the helm down.'—'The helm's down, Sir,' reported the master. 'The helm's a lee—raise tacks and sheets—shorten in the lee-main-tack—haul well taut (tight), mainsail haul.' The maintopsail-yard hung. 'There's the maintop-bowline fast,' cries the captain, 'you d—d set of lubbers for'ed, what are you about? send the boatswain aft here.' Aft comes the boatswain, never touched his hat nor nothing to the captain. 'Why didn't you see a hand at the maintop-bowline,' says the captain. 'I forgot it.' (never said Sir) 'You forgot it—consider yourself under an arrest, and I'll try you by a court martial when we sees the admiral—you might have sprung that yard.' And so he might you know."

"To be sure he might," says Jack, "but go on."

"Well, so the boatswain hesitated a little while and looked for'ed. I thought then the men would have come aft, but they didn't, all remained quiet; and as we could not fetch Malta we anchored in St. Paul's Bay. And when everybody was in their hammocks, aft goes the old carpenter to the captain's cabin, and tells the sentry he wanted to speak to the captain, but he was in bed, and could not be seen, so he had to wait till the next morning, when ——"

"Hurrah, lads," says Bob Short, "there's three bells, finish your yarn to-morrow night, Will."

"Aye, aye, bo'! I must be off now and get my hammock down."

Away they went and I followed, and the night following I heard the sequel.

THE RELATION THAT TOOK A LIKING TO ME.

WERE you, my dear Reader, ever troubled with a deaf aunt? If not, heaven prosper you in the same enviable and happy fortune! you cannot do better under the sky. But, should you chance to be in the pitiable condition I am, I feel a most brotherly yearning for your society—a desire of trafficking with you in that mutually necessary article—consolation. I entertain a most Christian pity for you. I hear your whines and groans escaping at all times like those of a very malefactor.

You are hoarse with shouting; you have stormed into her “portcullisses of ears” till your eyes are bloodshot and half way out of your head. Your teeth are blown down by blasts of breath from the interior, and your nose is compressed like a negro’s, by being squeezed against the sides of her impenetrable head. Are these things not so? Is not this your actual condition? Then, depend upon it, you never had a thorough *nut-deaf* aunt in the whole course of your existence.

He was a cunning flunkie who first served his time at the back of experience, and found out that she taught her servants wisdom. I never could find out the true value of ears, till I had learned by experience what it was to lack them. Not that my aunt Judith had been deprived of these organs—oh, no; she had a pair, but unluckily, like the blank windows in a mansion, they served only for show—very handsome and elaborate outside, but stopped up with bricks and mortar. Nothing short of a pair of forge-bellows could drive a breath of air through them.

I remember the time when at my own home, and free to range field and forest for sport from one year’s end to another, I had a pleasant soul, and was altogether one of those easy-minded, dough-like sort of lads, who care not a toss what shape they are, providing every thing else be agreeable, who are always high-spirited, can be easily amused at less than nothing, and who, according to Cocker of Stratford-on-Avon, “will evermore peep through their eyes, and laugh like parrots at a bagpiper.” But after those merciless old folks, my parents, had turned me over for a year’s *seriousizing* with my aunt Judith, I soon came to have such a leaden, sedate, and “vinegar aspect,” as led visitors to think I was (as the Scotch say) “her own veritable chiel.”

Before my year with her was out, a most disastrous misfortune befel me, for I unluckily discovered that somehow or other the old lady had taken a liking to me! My nervous sensibility was shocked—what in the world would become of me? I could not talk to her; she was stone-deaf. My mind at best never rested above five minutes, for I was always obliged to storm at such a rate, that any person overhearing our most peaceable conversation, would absolutely imagine we were going raging mad, tearing one another to tatters, to very rags; for, by a strange fatality, she always shouted as loud as those were compelled to do who addressed her. I could not be

kissing her all day, that was out of the question—once when I arrived, and once when I should go home again, I felt to be sufficiently satisfactory—at least to me. I could not even take her a walking, for she was like, perhaps, your own aunt, dear reader—a fixture in the parlour.

The maid regularly planted her after breakfast in the chair; if a cold morning by the fire-side, like a clothes-horse; or, if the sun shone, over against the window, where, with one side of the venetian blind open, she would sit gazing on the garden till dusk, having an old china bowl of soup brought for her nourishment in the middle of the day, without subjecting herself to a removal. She always insisted on being shifted as seldom as possible, for she was a thorough household economist, and felt the truth of that apothegm of poor Richard's, "three removes are as bad as a fire." I have known her sit looking through the same pane of glass on the same grass-plot, as patient as a hatching barn-door fowl, for nine hours without winking.

As for giving a formal description of her, I esteem it altogether unnecessary. She was but one, of which a specimen may be found in almost every standing family in the country. She was one of those whose white crimped muslin cap fits close to their face, just beyond the forehead, like the fringe of a tart, with here and there a glimpse of sable-silvered ghosts of curls peeping out by stealth. Her mouth was an irregular, horizontal aperture, dipping at the ends; the loins of her nose thick, and her upper eye-lids like two pent-houses, with one of her hands on the nob of her chair-arm, and the other cast carelessly into her ample lap, as if she had discarded the use of it altogether.

Such was the "relation that took a liking to me;" it was a strange phenomenon. I did not think she could like any thing under heaven but her chair, her broth, and her ottoman.

I have many times observed, however, amongst other things, how her natural piety would break like momentary sunshine through the habitual apathy of her existence. The rubbing of her spectacles was as inevitable a forerunner of this, as knives and forks were of dinner. She would spend one quarter of an hour in wiping the glasses, another quarter in adjusting them to the exact point of sight, ring the bell for Mary to bring the Bible with large type, con over and puzzle her eyes with the generations of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, not above five minutes at most, and then either fall asleep and let the ponderous volume fall upon her toes, or lay it aside at her elbow, shouting like Stentor, "ay, my eyes get worsen and worsen, I shall be sand-blind soon, as well as nut-deaf." Then she would pocket her spectacles again, and fix her eyes on the window, *setting* the plants in the garden just as a pointer sets game.

Half my employment consisted in observing her; but, at last, owing to either the nature of the subject, or to the novelty being worn off, I ceased to be moved by her little eccentricities, and grew as sedate as an ancient Tom cat. I believe it was from that period that my visage began to "cream and mantle like a standing pond," to go into folds and overlappings, and concentric circles, and to be here and there overgrown with a kind of duck-meat.

I sighed to go home again, but the old lady held me as a child does its lump-sugar ; nor was it until a couple of months after my limited time, that I obtained my release, and even then, only on an especial promise that I would return as soon as possible. I was tempted to say any thing to obtain my ransom, although in my heart I felt it never would be possible, as long as earth stood, to keep my word. Remember these were all the remarks and resolutions of youth—flippant and foolish enough. But the human heart and feelings, and the most stern resolves, are not to be depended on. A few years past away, and things underwent a change. As we grow out of youth into manhood, the world becomes another place, we look at it in another light, and with different feelings. So it was with me and my aunt Judith ; she seemed to change along with the rest ; and, for the first time, I no longer saw her as my tormenter, but a nice, quiet, genteel, peaceable old lady ; a person who I ever admire—one not given, even on the most pressing occasion, to listening. I knew she had no ear for either a keyhole or a door a-jar, and therefore I held her company in a house very tolerable. My aunt was indeed as deaf as a pancake ; and that, to a nephew just getting into those years when a young gentleman begins to talk what no old woman should overhear, was no ordinary blessing. I hate people who listen to private conversation, and especially when I am in such delicate company as requires pretty things to be said ; because folks are apt to imagine all pretty sayings to be nonsense, if not whispered immediately to themselves.

During the few years of my absence there had been an addition to my aunt's household, by the return from school of her daughter Julia ; her mother's own in every thing, save deafness, and plainness, and other qualities common to an aged, but disagreeable in a young, lady. My sister, who returned home at the same time, and from the same school, gave me a most enticing description of my cousin Julia. I have a liking to cousins, when they are pretty and simple, and redolent of that hoyden modesty so observable in country-bred damsels.

So do you know, I took it into my head to go down and see my aunt. I said no more about my cousin than if she had not been there. However that I might not take, nor be taken by surprise—for I hate to catch an otherwise pretty young lady with her hair in paper, and a morning splash print dress on—I sent a note, letting the old lady know at what time I should pay my respects to her ; but having previously known her taciturnity, and the way she had of reading a letter to herself, and then doubling it up, and thrusting it to the lowest deep of her unfathomable wallet, among a chaos of pincushions, papers, keys, cough lozenges, and, mayhap, a cake or two of Grantham gingerbread, I took care to write my note in a hand beyond the reach of her glasses, so that anyhow she would be under the necessity of submitting it for interpretation to her daughter Julia.

This contrivance ensured, not only that my pretty cousin would, to a certainty, be informed of my intended visit, but also that the particular period of its fulfilment should not be overlooked ; for a damsel does not easily forget such visitors, whereas, if the matter had been left to my aunt alone, it might have stood a good chance of being for-

gotten ; since I have known her to receive written notice of coming friends a few days beforehand, and then be as surprised to see them when they got there as if they were but just born in the world. When I once more got down into the country, I found Miss Julia to be to the full as good as her description, and better so far as a man's judgment of a lady may be preferred to a lady's.

I shook my old aunt like a palsy, and caused the pent-houses of her eyes to be for once taken of their dim suspension. I gave her all the compliments I had saved for Julia, and expatiated both largely and loudly upon the pleasantness of the weather, without stopping to inquire whether she heard me or not. Placing my chin on the top of the blind at the old window—it was the same as it was seven years ago, alike to day and yesterday—I descanted on the beauty of the garden prospect, and, among the rest, made what I thought a sentimental remark about the old church tower, which rose beyond the boundary plantation. My old aunt's ears did not catch the words—"Ah, ah," said she. I repeated it; she looked at me half a moment, and then added, "I am getting so very deaf." I then bellowed it out again in a style which made me ashamed of myself, setting the yard dog a-barking, and frightening a pair of guinea fowls off the lawn. The old lady still did not appear to be enlightened; she looked bewildered; while she turned to her daughter Julia with "I don't hear what he says." Julia reddened, and taking the words out of my mouth absolutely beat them into the old lady's drums:—"My cousin says, the old church tower looks very solemn and picturesque from the window." "Oh!" she screamed out at the top of her voice—although, from the answer she made, I verily believe she did not hear a word—"Oh, yes; they whistle very nicely all day long; both night and morning." Miss Julia, for laughing, dare not look again at her mother; and I myself most heartily prayed I could whistle equally well, for if she could hear one, she then might have some small chance of apprehending the other. This in fact was her worst failing; as if not content to have people's throats torn two or three times a-day of necessity, she no sooner observed one's lips moving in the way of discourse, than she wanted to know what it was about; and thus every odd end of conversation that happened to catch the tail of her eye had to be rehearsed again and again, until every word of it haunted the imagination six months after. I have known the cook to be to the full half an hour in drumming into her, that the eggs were cooked enough.

At last, Miss Julia and I learned to talk through our teeth, and then, indeed, I found her deafness a most convenient accommodation; for a man does not always talk to his cousin in a style which requires the presence of her mother. In this respect my deaf aunt was mostly as good as if she was absent, only sometimes she would catch a stray smile, or a something which betokened that there was a kind of conversation going forward, and then I was obliged to put her off with an answer of a complexion somewhat different to the real subject of debate. I dare say, by this time, the reader smells a rat; if so, there is no occasion to lengthen an already too long story. Courtships are very pleasant to those engaged in them; but horribly tedious to

every body unconcerned. To hear one described is, in my opinion, tantamount to standing by while a person sucks sugar.

At the end of six months we agreed that nothing better could be done than making up a marriage between us; but from that unlucky moment I felt most severely the real curse of deafness. I would have given half my fortune if my intended mother-in-law could have had better ears. If, good reader, you have yourself either been upon the eve of marriage, or had a daughter to tempt any one else upon it, you know that it is a subject not to be bolted on a sudden, like a cannon shot; there are always some preparatory exercises which cannot be dispensed with—hints, inuendos, and expressions, drifting that way by accident.

Now, after I had fully agreed with Miss Julia, it took me full two months in breaking the ice to my blessed aunt, and then I had to do it in such a voice that the banns might almost better have been published thrice at church before an assemblage of the whole parish. In making my intentions known to her I could not but inform the whole neighbourhood out of my own mouth—only think of the misery of a bashful man like myself, being obliged to cry out as lustily as a bellman, that I had a desire to make my cousin Julia a woman of the world!

Under heaven, I had better caused it to be advertised in the next town's paper, or proclaimed in the market-place; even then the old lady was not satisfied. She said she objected to the match until she had heard the whole of the arrangements; and though I gave her to understand that if we waited until she had heard the whole of them, we should die as veritable maid and bachelor as we were born, I could not bring her over. She still insisted on being first made acquainted with every tittle of the affair. I was in an agony; and, while I endeavoured to roar out arrangement, through the thick end of a neat's horn, on one side of her impenetrable head, Miss Julia shot hot water with a syringe into her ear, to make way for the important intelligence on the other. But our labours, like our loyes, were in vain, we could not satisfy her pent-up conscience at any price. I might as well have laid my mouth to the earth, and bellowed down to the antipodes. So that at last I am fain, for some time at least, to sit down a disappointed single man. But to beguile my unmarried hours a little, I have drawn up this narrative in very vexation and despair. My miserable heart has but one prayer left in it, and that is—if ever I should have the luck to get married, and have a generation of my own, they, every one of them, male, big and little, may have ears as big as blisters, and be saved the ill-luck of going nut-deaf, in preference to getting a fortune.

THE RIGHTS OF THE POOR.

THE condition of the labouring poor in many parts of the kingdom is very far from being satisfactory. Hopeless poverty, and its companions, recklessness and discontent, have converted the cottage homes of England into foci for crime and dangerous political excitement. Any man whose experience goes back thirty years, and whose habits have led him into familiar intercourse with this most important part of our population, cannot fail to be sensible how great a change has been wrought in its social condition. It is in vain that we appeal to tables of exports and imports as proofs of national prosperity—it is in vain that we are a wealthy people—the basis upon which all rests—the substratum running beneath all our institutions, is decidedly unsound. A moral revolution, goaded on by growing intelligence, and stimulated by physical deprivations, is gradually, but steadily, undermining the existing state of things, and threatens, unless checked by wise remedial measure, to overthrow our social confederation.

There are many well-meaning people who trust to what may be termed the *vis inertiae* of society for bringing every thing to its proper level, and who argue, that if matters are allowed to go on in their own way, they are sure to turn out right. This is a comfortable doctrine; but happens to resemble pretty closely the wisdom of the philosopher who, when told by his servants that his house was on fire, very coolly desired them to inform their mistress, as he never interfered in household affairs. There are others amongst that class of individuals termed, for want of a more appropriate name, “political economists,” who, when told of misery and distress—of crime and wide-spreading immorality, existing in many rural and manufacturing districts, admit the fact, but bristle up with indignation, and accuse the poor creatures of imprudence, and throw the entire onus of blame upon their own shoulders. They arrive at this conclusion by a very simple process of reasoning. The people are poor—that is they are in want of the comforts and conveniencies proper for a civilized and polished nation; hence it is plain, say they, that there are too many people—the demand for these comforts is greater than the supply, and the remedy is obvious—reduce the amount of population and keep up production, and then every man may live on beef-steaks and French rolls, and dress in good broad-cloth. It unfortunately happens for this beautiful and simple theory, that God has impressed upon mankind certain instincts and passions, and that human legislation has sanctioned these appetencies by formula adapted for the moral welfare of society, and consequently that our species will marry, and children will be born. If we interfere with this natural and proper order of things, we throw open the flood-gates which have hitherto restrained the unreserved indulgence of

our coarser propensities, and lower ourselves to a level approaching the habits of brutes.

Another class of political economists, with more show of reason, advocate emigration. We are, they urge, weighed down by a surplus population; labour by the force of competition, and the introduction of machinery, is becoming daily less and less valuable; and as labour constitutes the poor man's sole capital, he is rapidly going to ruin. But they continue,—there are many fertile regions—many wide countries—nearly if not altogether uninhabited—countries, too, with genial climates, and great capabilities as to soil and situation—why should our starving population not be located there?—why not extend the blessings of civilization?—why not call into “existence new worlds” to counterbalance the decay which dogs the steps of old countries?—why not relieve ourselves from an incubus which is pressing upon our resources, and threatening the most serious consequences? Why not, indeed—for the plan is feasible, and has some certain advantages?—Why not? Because some of the best principles of our common nature revolts against it. Can we wonder that the inhabitants of the quiet hamlet, whose forefathers have for generations lived beneath the same thatched roof—cultivated the same plot of ground—and now rest in the same grave, still cling to their familiar homestead? Their condition, it is true, may differ widely from that of their immediate predecessors. The home manufacture is lost—their plots of ground are either greatly over-rented, or they are rapidly losing them, the proprietor having broken up his small farms,—and the commoning is all enclosed. The wheel and the distaff are idle—the shuttle and knitting-needle are abandoned, and the cheerful industry of content is converted into apathetic idleness. Yet still they cling to their homes, and sincerely do we hope that this feeling, which is the basis of all nationality, may never be lost amongst us. Sincerely do we trust that the hearts of our peasantry may never be so dead within them as to abandon their home, their kindred, and their country at the bidding of the cold calculations of scheming projectors. The feeling which attach men to the soil and to particular localities, form an integral part of those great moral and social instincts implanted within us for the wisest and noblest purposes, and we do not envy that man whose “smooth-rubbed soul” does not acknowledge them. We, on the contrary, would widen the circle of such attachments—we would bind man by domestic and political ties—we would have him consider his cottage, his wife, and his family as his home, and his country as his world.

It is some consolation to know that amidst these crude masses of theory and nonsense, genuine philanthropy, and wise and prudent measures are to be found, and that a system is steadily and quietly progressing, which has produced excellent results, and which cannot fail to be the means for removing many of the evils now pressing on the labouring poor. It is satisfactory to reflect, that when the heaps of illustrations, outlines, and hints are forgotten, which have of late swarmed from the press, and whose greatest recommendation has been their perfect unintelligibility,—and whose popularity we presume to depend upon the same principle as that of the oracles of other

times—namely, upon their obscurity, and the ease with which they can be turned to any signification,—just as futurity is calculated from the ringing of the village bells, of which it has been well said, that—

“As the bell tink, so the fool thinks,
As the fool thinks, so the bell tink.”

We say that it is satisfactory to reflect that when all these are forgotten, the benefits of *practical* suggestions and *enlightened* patriotism will be seen in a thriving and contented people. THE LABOURERS' FRIEND SOCIETY, which has been established some years, proceeds upon a plan admirably calculated to attain the noble and beneficent ends at which it aims. It interferes neither with master nor man—neither with labour nor capital—it recommends no sudden and violent changes in our institutions—it brings forwards no new fangled schemes for the regeneration of society, but contents itself simply by making earnest endeavours to extend the views it has adopted, and by anxiously striving to induce landowners on the one side, and labourers on the other, to make an experiment at least of the system of small allotments. *It is no joint-stock company purchasing land, and grinding down tenants in the attempt to force an unnatural profit; but it employs its funds in collecting facts and observations tending to illustrate the advantages resulting to property and to labour by making the labourer independent of parochial relief and dependent on his own exertions; to teaching, that a man who has some interest in the soil—who feels that he has a stake in his country, is likely to be a better citizen; and that by finding himself and family a source of healthy employment during those hours he is not engaged in his usual routine of occupation, he is abstracted from evil communications, and thus benefitted both in a moral and physical point of view.* These are noble objects, and the entire freedom from selfishness marking the proceedings and intentions of this society, renders it worthy of all commendation and support; and we cannot wonder that good and wise men should hail its progress as at least *one* satisfactory sign of the times.

The principle recommended is this—that, wherever it is practicable, a small plot of ground, from thirty-five to forty poles in extent, shall be attached to every cottage. This space is sufficient to employ the leisure hours of a day-labourer, and that of his wife and young family. This is no novelty; so early as the reign of Elizabeth, an act was passed to prevent any cottage being built, without having four acres of land attached to it, an act which was not repealed till 15th of George III., c. 32. The principle thus acknowledged sprung no doubt from the fact, that the small landowners, emphatically termed the “yeomanry of England,” had ever been found her firmest stay and surest support, and from a wish to raise up a secondary class of landholders that might approximate in character to this valuable body of men, and who might at the same time be employed as agricultural labourers. Both these classes in many districts are nearly extinct; we know several townships within the boundaries of which during the last forty years upwards of thirty respectable landowners, and an equal number of small renters have disappeared, and where

the land has been turned into large farms, and is now cultivated by labourers without hardly a single garden amongst them. Is the moral and social character of the people improved by the change? Then, Sunday after Sunday, the small primitive-looking church was crowded with decently clad and attentive hearers. *Then* the master and his men mingled occasionally together, and offices of kindness and good will were continually interchanged between them. *Then* father, mother, son and daughter were seen either at work in the same loom, or shop, or cultivating a well-ordered and productive garden-plot, and exhibiting in their appearance and general deportment, evidences of content, sobriety and industry. *Now*—the same church stands in its simple and primitive beauty, and provided with a pastor fit to “point the way to heaven;” but it is deserted by the children of parents, who permitted nothing but the most grievous sickness to detain them from its hallowed walls—and where are they? Lounging in ragged heedlessness, lurking about beer-houses, or listening to the furious raving of some political demagogue. *Now*, the employer and the employed are in mutual hostility; no decent respect or gratitude on the one hand, or kindly countenance and assistance on the other. *Now*—father, mother, son, and daughter are no longer denizens under the same roof, and the once neat and well-cultivated garden-plot, is either run to waste, its fences ragged and broken, and producing little beyond nettles and gooseberries, or not a vestige remains of it—and *now* their deportment and general appearance indicate discontent and discomfort. *Then* parochial relief was administered with a kindly hand, as between neighbour and neighbour—as it was never asked for but in the extremest exigences. *Now* poor-rates are more than quintupled, and though doled out with rigour, and with every circumstance of degradation and humiliation, relief is clamorously and insolently demanded to supply the place of wage, and to the ruin of every feeling of self respect—Well may we say, “Look on this picture and on that!” Who is it that would not pray to see the cottage-homes, and the cottage-gardens of England what they once were? To hear again the voice of her peasantry in glad jubilee—and in place of midnight burnings and dastardly outrage, to find confidence and good-will restored. These are objects aimed at by the Labourers’ Friend Society.

By those who have paid no attention to the subject, it will be asked—is labour thus expended on land, at a fair farmer’s rent, profitable to the labourer? The answer is—highly so. The produce of spade husbandry seems hardly to have a limit, and a cottager with thirty poles of land, or even considerably less, will be able to keep a pig, supply his family with vegetables, and lay up a winter-store of potatoes, besides paying his rent, and all this without interfering with his daily labour, as the heavier part of the work only requires his attention, his family being perfectly competent to manage all the rest of the operations.

It was truly remarked by one of the commissioners of poor-laws in his report, that “where a labourer was possessed of a small portion of land, sufficient and not more than sufficient to occupy his leisure time, and furnish his children with employment, I found a striking

improvement in the general condition of the whole family. The children were early and practically taught the beneficial effects of industry, and the man appeared to be more contented with his lot, and had less inducement to keep loose company." This observation is in strict keeping with our own experience, and we could at the present moment point out numbers of families, especially amongst the silk-weavers, that have been preserved from want and from moral and social degradation by the happy circumstance that they were, to use their own expression, "garden proud." It is gratifying to know that in these instances the parties have preserved their private worth and respectability amidst the sufferings which have pressed so heavily on some parts of this class of operatives: and we believe we can say with perfect safety, that not one amongst them has been found in the ranks of "turn outs" and rioters. It is to extend this state of things—it is to make men as far as possible independent of the occasional and brief vicissitudes in the labour market—it is to make them permanently industrious, and to keep them from the worst of evils—idleness—that the Labourers' Friend Society has been established; and it is with these ends in view that its operations are conducted.

We must here close our brief and general remarks. It is, however, our intention to resume the subject in our succeeding numbers, and to examine in detail the merits and demerits of the allotment system, and to compare its workings immediate and remote with the plan of home-colonization. The subject is one of the greatest importance and deserves the most attentive consideration.

STANZAS.

I.

LADY, but once I saw thy face,
And then I gazed in silent sadness;
The joy to meet thee soon gave place
To thoughts of blighted peace and gladness:—
A form like thine I'd seen elsewhere,
When my young heart was free from care.

II.

But once I hear thy voice—and yet
Of visions of the past it telleth;
Those well-known sounds can I forget
That mutely in the still grave dwelleth?—
The music of thy lips hath stole,
Like angels' whispers, to my soul.

III.

Emblem of her I loved so dear!
Ah, why so soon hast thou departed?
I claim from thee a kindred tear,
And pity for the broken-hearted:—
Let me but see thee once again,
Then welcome sorrow, bliss, or pain!

AN EPISODE OF JULY 1830.*

THE last rays of the setting sun fell upon the gilded dome of the *Hôtel des Invalides*; a thick smoke rose from the barriers of Paris;—the provocations of the populace were answered by the thundering cannon, and the *tocsin* rent the air:—it was July 1830.

A young man, named Pierre, arrived at the gates of the metropolis at this awful moment. His parents were respectable inhabitants of Paris, who had been reduced to indigence by unfortunate speculations; and Pierre was now on his return from the south of France, whither he had gone in search of employment. His family had heard nothing of him since his departure;—he had not, however, forgotten either his widowed and high-spirited mother, his brother, the companion of his early years, his little sisters, or his aged grandmother:—often did he think of their destitute condition, yet he had never afforded them any assistance;—nevertheless, Pierre was not exactly a *mauvais sujet*, but his best intentions were, but too often, frustrated by the variability of his character. He was an odd compound of folly and intelligence,—being a frequenter of petty coffee-houses, a great billiard-player, and news-devourer.

When the young traveller arrived at the barrier, he beheld a crowd of frantic beings who were singing—or rather howling—the *Marseillaise*; and there were some persons close at hand, distributing arms, ammunition, and brandy.

“Ho there! citizen,” cried one of the group, “what business have you here unarmed? take this sabre, and musket, and *en avant*.”

Another man gave him a brace of pistols and a poniard, and thus, in an instant, he was armed to the teeth.

“*Vive Napoleon II.*” vociferated the insurgents.

“Ah!” exclaimed Pierre, “they are fighting for the young King of Rome, then! Well, here goes for Napoleon II.”

“*Vive la Republique!*” roared another band of patriots.

* The above sketch is written by the Viscount d'Arincourt, a zealous partisan of the fallen dynasty, and the facts detailed are stated by him to be actually true, although the names of the parties are concealed. It is written in the true Tory spirit, though we have seen nothing which the Viscount has yet produced to make us regret the change in France which he so unceasingly deplures. To prove the benevolence of the individual members of the exiled family by such means is unnecessary. No one is inclined to dispute it; but the French have lost nothing by the change even in this particular; whereas what they have gained is well appreciated. *The French are satisfied*: for nothing has proved the feebleness of faction more strongly than the late anarchical attempts at Paris and Lyons. We rejoice in the conviction that the throne of *Louis Philippe* is secure; and that amiable and talented gentlemen, such as the Viscount d'Arincourt, may indulge their literary taste in penning sketches on whatever subject they please, assuring them, when the facts to which they pledge themselves are of a political nature, that a friendly allowance will be made for the imagination of the romantic and the prejudice of the partisan.

"Napoleon II. and the Republic are two different things!" replied the young man, "I don't understand this."

"*Vive la Charte*," was the rejoinder.

"Another change!" cried Pierre, "*la Charte* signifies the government of Charles X."

"No, no, *la Charte* is liberty."

"Yes," added a man in a smock-frock, "and Liberty is the Republic."

"And the Republic is the son of Napoleon," said an old *ex-Garde Imperiale*.

A cry of "*Vive le duc d'Orleans!*" was now heard.

In the midst of this turmoil Pierre entered the city, and was soon in the hottest of the fight. He was still in the dark as to the real cause of the horrid strife, but he drank—swore—loaded and fired again and again,—cut and slashed in every direction, shouting *Vive la Charte!*—to which the groans of the dying responded mournfully.

He thus reached the *Boulevard*, and took his post behind a barricade, formed of magnificent trees which had been cut down in full leaf, blood-stained paving-stones, and broken carriages. A lad about twelve years old was amusing himself in the midst of the sanguinary drama, by playing the horn of an omnibus which had been overturned:—the child of disorder laughed at the strange music, which formed a warlike accompaniment to the rolling of the drums, and the shouts of the combatants. Pierre looked at him and laughed also:—*both made a sport of the work of destruction!*

At length the shades of night overspread the horizon—the roaring of the cannon ceased, the *tocsin's* awful tones no longer vibrated on the ear: there were no more shouts—no more murders. The barricaded streets were deserted, and the silence of the grave had succeeded to the war-cry.

Pierre was not in a condition to avail himself of this favourable moment to repair to his mother's dwelling:—at dawn of day, he lay stretched upon the unpaved ground, in a state of complete intoxication. Suddenly a man shook him rudely—

"To arms, comrade, to arms!"

Pierre, thus violently aroused, started up, rubbed his eyes, and cast a heavy, stupid look around.

"Yes, yes, I understand; we must fight, eh!—very well, I am ready. What are we to fight for to-day?"

"For the same thing as yesterday—*Vive la Charte!*"

"And the Republic?"

"'Tis the same thing."

"And the King of Rome?"

"The same—the same; you have been told so twenty times over."

"I can't, for the life of me, comprehend them," muttered Pierre; "what do they want?—*c'est égal*—let us fight away."

An individual, named Jacques, had followed Pierre closely during the whole of the preceding day. This man was the very personification of a firebrand, for he kept up the flame of rebellion wherever he passed. He was one of those stubby, brawny men, whose frames denote great bodily strength, whilst their hard features announce

doggedness of character. Jacques continued to excite his comrades, and Pierre admired his valour. The former now led the way to a large building, the abode of luxury and opulence.

"Let us go in here," said Jacques, in an under tone.

"What for?" demanded the astonished Pierre.

"To be paid for our day's work."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are a blockhead if you suppose that all this uproar is the effect of mere chance. This scene has been a long time in preparation. Do you imagine that I would be such an idiot as to help to overthrow Charles X. without gaining something by his ruin? I am paid for it, man, by two rich houses."

The struggle continued. Pierre (again dragged on by the force of example) was at the taking of the *Hôtel de Ville*; he afterwards entered the *Louvre* in triumph, and soon found himself in the *Tuileries*.

Having visited the cellars of the Royal Palace, he ascended to the grand apartments—traversed the splendid galleries (which a few minutes before had been the theatre of bloodshed), overturning, breaking, and destroying every thing that presented itself to his view. His brain was in a ferment from the effect of the wine he had drunk, and he was seconded in the work of devastation by a horde of armed ruffians. He stopped short in front of the throne;—*a dead body, covered with black crape, was placed upon it!*

"Have they, then, assassinated Charles the Tenth?"

"That is not the old king," replied one of his companions.

"Has there been a new one then; and have they killed him already?"

"Not at all,—what you see there *was* a young student."

"Why is the corpse placed on the throne?"

"He represents *a dead king*."

"Is all this a farce then?"

"Far from it."

"Is the youth really dead?"

"Certainly; and well did the brave lad deserve to be seated where he is. He was a noble little fellow—a thorough Bonaparte. He stood fire for all the world like a *vieille moustache*, and died for the salvation of the Charter."

"And *have* we saved it?" cried Pierre.

"*Down with all kings*," responded the crowd.

* * * * *

The work of destruction went on. Pierre, completely beside himself, played his part in these scenes of carnage and confusion with savage delight. He was foremost in every attack, and his intemperance was boundless. He was a bold combatant—a bloody enthusiast—in short, Pierre was a hero of July!!!

Having been slightly wounded in the leg, he sat down under a parapet of one of the quays. Whilst he was staunching the blood, Jacques ran up to him with an air of triumph.

"All's right—*Vive la revolte!*"

"*La revolte!*" cried Pierre, "and the Charter in the name of which we have conquered?"

Jacques burst into a fit of laughter.

"We have destroyed the old musty parchment," said he; "'tis only fit for wadding, and they are getting up a new one."

"But hundreds fell in defence of the other!"

"Very true, 'tis the same thing, they will be buried with military honours."

"And young Napoleon?"

"None of us ever thought of *him*."

"*Bah!* for whom then have I been fighting?"

"For *Louis-Philippe d'Orleans*:—he had possession of our hearts, though his name was never uttered by our lips."

"But we shouted—*Vive la Republique!*"

"Our thoughts," replied Jacques, "are better known to others than to ourselves:—the *people* are proclaimed sovereign."

"The *people!*—what becomes, then, of the sovereignty of the Duke of Orleans?"

"The *people* have decided in his favour."

"Already!—where?—when?—how?"—

"No matter:—*Vive la liberte!*"

"The more I hear, the less I understand," said Pierre.

"Comrade, thou art a fool," replied Jacques.

We ought to have mentioned that Pierre had a small bag of money concealed in the red woollen sash that encircled his loins; and that the contents of this bag—the product of the savings he had made in the south of France—were destined for his mother. It was to see that afflicted parent, and to lay his little offering at her feet, that he had undertaken the weary journey, the termination of which was marked by such unlooked-for and such *maddening* events.—Just as Jacques pronounced the word *fool*, Pierre discovered that his precious sash was gone!—He uttered a piercing cry—then, turning abruptly away, he bent his steps towards the dark, narrow street where his family formerly resided:—disappointment and self-reproach sat on his brow.

He knocked loudly at the door—it flew open, and the *portier* thrust his head out of the window of his lodge. He was an old man and nearly blind; he did not recognize Pierre, but put the usual question to him:—

"*Qui demandez vous?*"

"My mother!"

"Ah! Pierre," cried the *portier*, recollecting the young man's voice, "when did you return?"

"Yesterday; does my mother still live on the fifth floor?"

"No; she occupies the *entresol*."

"Impossible! she was so poor, I left her in the garret without resource!"

"Her misery became known to good people, who lodged and fed her, and a small pension was granted to your grandmother."

"By whom?"

"By Charles the Tenth."

"Charles the Tenth!" exclaimed Pierre, and the blood forsook his cheeks.

"Certainly, and your mother's rent was regularly paid by *Madame la Dauphine*; your brother (poor fellow!) was admitted into the *Garde Royale*, and your sisters were provided for by the Duchess of Berri."

Pierre staggered: the old *portier* seized his arm, and, dragging him accross the obscure *porte cochère*, brought him into a small yard which was tolerably light, though surrounded by high buildings.

"Ha! friend Pierre, you are armed," said the *portier*; "what! a sabre, a musket, and, by heavens, the tri-coloured cockade!"

Pierre struck his forehead violently; for a few seconds he remained motionless—then, rushing up the stairs, he soon reached the door of his mother's apartment—it was open. A most awful scene met his gaze.

His aged grandmother was reclining in a large arm-chair, counting, mechanically, with her lean and withered fingers, the worn beads of a rosary. She was evidently praying, yet her lips moved not; big tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks, but her brow was unclouded; the grief which was visible in her countenance appeared to arise from sympathy, or instinct—thought or reflection had no share therein.

The mother of the hero of July was upon her knees, dressing the wounds of a royal guardsman, who seemed to be at the point of death. Two young girls stood, pale and trembling, by the side of their afflicted parent, whose sobs almost suffocated her. Despair was stamped upon her features, and her eyes were constantly fixed upon the soldier, for whose last gasp she seemed to be wildly watching: all her faculties appeared to be concentrated in one immovable gaze! her eyelids were red and swollen.

"Give me your hand, my son—*your hand*! But, he no longer hears me! And he has been massacred by Frenchmen! the murderers are not far off; if they should enter our home perhaps they would tear my poor boy in pieces, even on the brink of the grave! Do not insult a mother's feelings, girls, by offering me consolation; I want none—leave me—leave me."

Pierre was still on the threshold, for he had not dared to enter this chamber of affliction and death; his hair stood on end—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—the musket fell from his hand!

Roused by the heavy ring of the gun, the wretched mother, turning her eyes towards the door, perceived her child,

"Pierre," she cried, in a tone of maternal joy, which even the horrible spectacle before her could not restrain, "my *own* Pierre!" and she was on the point of casting herself into his arms. But, a cry, very different from the former, now escaped her: *Pierre's clothing was stained with blood! his hands the same—a sword—a musket—the COCKADE had met her eye!*

"Oh! God," she exclaimed, in a hollow voice, "Pierre! no—no—I mistake—this ruffian cannot be my son! Nay, it is *not* he. I ask, are you Pierre? Speak—answer. Oh! my brain turns."

Pierre's head fell upon his breast—he could not reply—he *wept*.

At this juncture the old woman rose—the name of Pierre had fallen on her ear; it seemed to have awakened her torpid faculties.

She tottered towards him—a strange, unearthly smile played upon her thin and trembling lips.

“Pierre!” she cried; “somebody said Pierre, I believe—the dear boy I loved so well; *where is he?*”

She now recognized her grandson, and her shrivelled arms were extended towards him; but the Hero of July did not respond to the movement—he turned away his head—and shed bitter tears!

“My poor Pierre,” said the old dame, “hast thou forgotten me? I am thy old grandmother—delighted to see thee! thou art come to protect us—yes, I knew thou wouldst be with us in the hour of danger!”

The mother of the royal guardsman led her aged parent back to her seat.

“Whether he be Pierre or not,” she said, in a mysterious and agonized tone, “do not interrogate him—oh! let him be silent!—let him be silent!”

Then she thus addressed the *Conqueror of July* :—

“You understand me—and yet you remain in my presence!—Pierre, THE CURSE IS UPON MY LIPS—it has not yet escaped them; but, do not remain—this is no place for you—begone, Pierre—begone!”

A deep groan now proceeded from the further end of the room; the royal guardsman gave signs of life; he opened his eyes for an instant—they appeared to seek his brother.

“Look! your brother is dying,” continued the distracted mother; “and from whom did he receive his death-wound? From *you*, perhaps; yes, you or your companions—the guilt is the same; the blood with which you are stained is *French blood*: *Cain*, thou hast slain thy brother!”

“Daughter! he weeps,” said the old grandmother.

“Weeps!” rejoined the mother, “were he to shed tears all his life, they would never wash out the remembrance of his crime. O! most unnatural child! you have turned your arms against the benefactors of your family: I will *not* curse you, for self-condemnation is already depicted on your countenance; *my* malediction would be superfluous.”

“Pardon! pity him! he repents,” exclaimed the poor sisters, both at once.

“Repents!” replied the distracted mother, “to what purpose? Can he recal the past?”

The guardsman raised himself upon his elbow: “Forgive him, mother,—forgive him!” he said, in a voice of agony; “Pierre, my poor brother, God bless you!”

The Hero of July darted towards the soldier—caught him in his arms—looked on his face—but met only the glazed stare of a corpse! Weak was the living!—heavy the dead!—the brothers fell down upon the bed together!

EARLY LIFE OF MIRABEAU.

AMONG the innumerable compilations under the title of *Memoirs* which the Paris press has of late lavished with such profusion, our attention has been attracted by a volume, purporting to be *Memoirs* of Mirabeau, edited by his adopted son, M. de Montigny. Though unable to vouch for the relationship or competency of the editor, we fancied we perceived much in the work which might not be uninteresting to our readers.

Gabriel Honoré, Count de Mirabeau, was born at Bignon on the 9th of March, 1749. He was the fifth child of the Marquis de Mirabeau, and such was the extraordinary size of *all parts* of his body, but particularly of his head, that his mother almost lost her life in giving him birth. He was born with a club-foot, a defect which has given rise to a comparison with Byron, more distinguished for ingenuity than accuracy. In addition to this defect, his tongue, fastened by the frænum, gave little promise of oratorical success. But the size and vigour of his limbs, and the circumstance of two molar teeth being already formed in his mouth, were sufficiently extraordinary. When he had reached his third year, his life was endangered by a very malignant attack of the small pox. Vaccination had made but little progress at that period. Impatient of the timid treatment of the physicians, his mother was induced to try the virtue of some family receipts on the swollen face of her son, and the result was that it remained deeply disfigured and scarred with the marks of that terrible disease. Hence the marquis his father observes, in a letter to his brother the Bailli, "Your nephew is as ugly as one of Satan's own." Indeed, the frequent recurrence of the marquis to this topic in his letters, seems to warrant the suspicion that he had conceived a kind of involuntary aversion to his disfigured son, especially as all his other children, thanks to vaccination, were remarkably handsome.

Mirabeau gave early indications of extraordinary faculties of mind. A quick apprehension, a retentive memory, an inquisitive disposition, were strengthened and developed by careful cultivation. The writers of the lives of men of genius have always pleased themselves with discovering and exhibiting the man in the boy, and this, even in cases where the comparison is but little countenanced by facts. But the instances of precocity recorded of Mirabeau, in his father's letters to the Bailli, surpass the usual measure of such examples, while they are of unquestionable authenticity. At a dinner given to celebrate the event of his confirmation, when he was seven years of age, he made the following singular distinction. They were explaining to him that God could not perform what was contradictory in itself; for instance, "a stick *with but one end*."—"But is not a *miracle* a stick with but one end?" inquired Mirabeau with vivacity. The piety of his uncle was shocked, and his grandmother never forgave him for this sally.

In a letter from the marquis to the Countess of Rochefort, the following passage occurs: "A fête is this day given in honour of my mother (the dowager marchioness, widow of Jean Antoine de Mirabeau, then 72 years of age). It is the production of my son's tutor, (an indefatigable author and actor of such follies). You will see a little monster perform therein, whom they call my son; but who, were he the son of La Thorrillière, could not display a greater aptitude for buffoonery and *all sorts of devilment*. You will not meet another of your species, except the mother of the little savage, who has found favour in your eyes."—17th Jan., 1757. In another letter, dated 21st of September, 1758, he writes thus:—"My son, whose size, prattle, and ugliness are wonderfully on the increase, grows more exquisitely and peculiarly ugly from day to day, and, withal, a most indefatigable speechifier. His mother was yesterday making him some unfavourable declaration on the part of his future wife; he replied, that he hoped she would not judge him by his face. 'And by what would you have her judge you?' said his mother with an expression which made us all laugh. 'Oh,' retorted he, 'the under part will make up for the over part;' at which our laughter was redoubled, without our once perceiving that there is matter for reflection in this sally of a child."

At ten years old, Mirabeau suffered from a long and severe illness, which is thus noticed by his father:—"My eldest son is still a victim to the fever, which has continued, with slight interruptions, for two months; and the most alarming symptom is, that he is as sensible as if he was thirty, and that Poisson is quite satisfied with this unusual and suspicious circumstance."

A reply made to his mother when she reproached him with study of phrases, and making efforts to display his wit, appears to us worth noticing, as it tends to exhibit the workings of a sensitive mind; and its efforts, even at that early age, of rising against the pressure of repeated reproaches of personal deformity—"Mother, said he, I think it is with the mind as with the hand—whether it be handsome or ugly, it is made for use and not for show."

Further on we find an anecdote, which places his character in a strong light. "The other day (writes the Duc de Nivernois to the Bailli de Mirabeau) in a running match in my grounds, he gained the prize, which happened to be a hat. Turning to a boy who had only a cap, and placing on his head his own hat, which was still very good, 'Take this,' said he, '*I have not two heads.*' At that moment that youth appeared to me the emperor of the world; his attitude suddenly assumed something of divine. I mused over it; I wept at it; and it proved an excellent lesson to me."

As we proceed in tracing the career of the young Gabriel, the scenes that develop themselves exactly correspond with our ideas of a highly-gifted being, made up of fierce and indomitable passions, immense energies of mind and body, continually flying off at a tangent from the direct path of duty in its struggle against the barriers that would curb them, or when urged by the irresistible impetuosity of its own workings. Deeming itself the victim of an unreasonable

and unaccountable persecution which magnified the errors of youth into crimes, and exaggerated his faults with persevering malignity.

The struggle between him and his father commences almost at his twelfth year. We trace the feelings of the latter in his letters, gradually proceeding from carelessness, or involuntary aversion, to deep and settled hatred; ending in the most unrelenting persecution. To what cause we are to attribute this unnatural exhibition of character in a man of confessedly superior powers of mind, as well as amiable and gentle disposition, it may be difficult to determine. M. Montigny labours hard to prove that it was the result of unnatural prejudices, and he gives a manuscript letter of Mirabeau in which he himself expresses a similar conviction. Without attempting to decide how far this may serve to clear up a circumstance, which may be very satisfactorily accounted for, by the consideration of the wild and reckless bent of a character so entirely opposed to that of his father, we shall proceed to notice the fluctuations of feeling and opinion in the marquis's own words, before matters had come to extremities.

At one time Gabriel is described as possessed "of abundance of talents and wit, but with a still greater allay of faults blended in his subsistence, and yet, perhaps, at bottom he has not the vices attributed to him, nor the inserted virtues which I could have wished to put in their place." A little farther on we find "this child promises to turn out a fine creature, and close to this, though he may be said to be only just born, extravasation has already set in. He is of a perverse disposition, fantastical, fiery, troublesome, with a propensity towards evil before he knows what it is, or is capable of committing it."

Again: "He has a noble heart beneath the jacket of a boy, possessing a strange instinct of pride, and of noble pride—the embryo of a disorderly bully, that would swallow the whole world before he is twelve." And farther on, "An intellect, a memory, a capacity, that seize, amaze, terrify;" and as a set off to this, "A nothing embellished with fooleries, who will throw dust in the eyes of soft ones, but who will never be more than the quarter of a man, if perchance he will be any thing." From this epoch the correspondence exhibits the aversion of his father and his consequent severity perpetually on the increase. The intrigues of an artful woman, named Madame de Pailly, and of an old servant, named Grevin, both of whom exercised great influence over the mind of the marquis, are actively employed in aggravating those feelings and deepening the enormity of the follies of the wild and reckless Gabriel. He was taken from the guidance of his old preceptor Poisson, and handed over to a Monsieur Segrais; but Segrais was fascinated by his new pupil, and this was not pleasing to the father. "You are acquainted," says he, "with the noble and almost romantic soul of Segrais—he is struck—he is fascinated—he lauds the memory that absorbs every thing without bearing in mind that the sand likewise receives all impressions and that it is not sufficient to receive, but that it is more important to retain and preserve; he vaunts his goodness of heart, which is nothing more than flashy rollicking good humour with the low people who flatter him, with whom an inbred lowness leads him to associate. He praises his quickness, resembling

that of a parrot ; in fact, he is spoiling him, and I must take measures to prevent it."

The measures the marquis took were to separate his son from Segrais, with whom he lived on a perfectly good understanding, and who alone seemed to appreciate his great talents and to be capable of giving them a proper direction, and to place him at a military school or house of correction kept by the Abbé Choquart. Upon this he writes with great satisfaction :—" My untractable son is at length lodged as he deserves. The Abbé Choquart is a stern man, who enforces punishments when they are needed. I have told him not to spare them. If there is no amendment, as indeed I do not expect there will be, I shall expatriate him. I did not choose that a name clothed with some lustre should be dragged to the benches of a house of correction, so I had him enrolled under the name of Pierre Buffière. In vain he kicked against it, and wept and reasoned ; I told him to deserve my name, and that I would not restore it to him without a clear scutcheon."

The gentle treatment of the Abbé Choquart was more effectual than his punishment, in keeping within bounds the ardent and ungovernable disposition of Mirabeau. He applied to his studies with ardour, and the rapidity and success with which he mastered every branch was unexampled. From this place of correction, Gabriel was transferred to the regiment of a severe disciplinarian, the Marquis de Lambert, a kind of rough rider, who had converted his regiment into a school for the reclamation of youth. In this new capacity Gabriel for some time gave more satisfaction and gave proofs of distinguished merit in a career to which he considered himself peculiarly adapted, so that the marquis replied, " the news are good, I intend getting him a commission," for as yet he was only a volunteer. But this satisfactory mood was of short duration. Want of money obliged Gabriel to contract debts, and a sum of forty louis lost at play served to rouse afresh the anger of his father ; nor was this all. In the town of Saintes lived the fair daughter of an inhabitant, who attracted the admiration of the Marquis de Lambert. Gabriel of course was not insensible to her charms, and he succeeded in supplanting his colonel. This was a serious offence, and the colonel took care to make him smart for it. A caricature, the circulation of which he countenanced, filled the measure of the indignities offered to Gabriel ; he eloped from the regiment and betook himself to the Marquis of Lambert at Paris. An explanation took place ; Gabriel defended himself with eloquence, but he could not save himself from a prison. His father procured a *lettre de cachet* from Choiseul, and Mirabeau was confined in a fortress of the Isle of Rhé. He was taken from his confinement to accompany an expedition to Corsica, as his father thought it a good opportunity of getting rid of him.

[We must reserve the sequel for another article]

" LA MORT DE LOUIS QUINZE."

" Give air !—give air !" —alas !—no breath
Of the world's winds can cope with death !
The lofty dome is all too low—
And the hush'd struggler soon must go
To narrower bounds—the spirit—where ?—
Track not its flight—forbear ! forbear !
One outlet hath mysterious fate
From pallet rude and bed of state.

Tarries no mandate of the grave
More for the monarch than the slave ?—
The despot of that empire hears
Alike unmov'd the prayers and tears
Of beauty, and deformity,
Of the subtle tongue and radiant eye,—
Of those who weep when the good man dies
And those who loathe where the lazar lies

The courtier throng that press'd too nigh
The chair of state,—that death-bed fly—
His worshippers—their fire is dim—
Who of them all would change with him ?—
Who of them all is zealous now
To clasp the hand and bathe the brow ?—
Where glory !—are thy myriads gone ?
Three faithful hearts are here alone.*

Aloof—afar—that myriad's eyes
Are watching where the monarch dies.—
In his sad chamber stands a light
High in the casement burning bright—
What sudden hand hath put it out ?—
Why rends the air that deaf'ning shout ?—
—They signal that *his* race is run—
Another's sovereignty begun !

Young Louis and fair Antoinette !
With violent dews your eyes are wet,
Ye tremble but as does the lake
On which the morning zephyrs wake,
And depths of gladness fresh and pure
Are whisp'ring you of skies secure,
A fair expanse, for which await
The glowing noon—the sunset late.

Ye hear not yet the coming hour,
And gath'ring of the tempest's pow'r,
Whose lasting furies shall be driv'n
Through those clear depths now mirroring heav'n ;
But did ye know and could ye trace
The *deeper future* of your race,
Would you exchange your doom of dread,
Your scaffold—for your grandsire's bed ?

* Louis Quinze died of small-pox ; his last moments were deserted by all but his daughters and one valet.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

LEARNED ABSURDITIES.—THE leading feature of the last month has been the installation of his Grace of Wellington as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The duke is certainly a singularly fortunate personage, and had he not already obtained a very conspicuous niche in the temple of fame, the doings on the present occasion would have been sufficient to immortalize him. Malvolio speaks of people being born great, acquiring greatness, and having greatness thrust upon them; but here is a man great in every sense of the word—here is the proper Bottom of our time, who can play Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and every thing else, from a drummer to an LL.D., one who can slaughter spondees and dactyls with as much ease as he could rout the woolly-headed warriors of Seringapatam, and can bid defiance to all the rules of prosody with as much coolness as if he were ensconced behind the bullet-proof windows of Apsley-house during a reform shower of rotten apples and cabbage-stalks. The admirable Crichton was nothing to his Grace; the former, to be sure, was an adept at the subtleties of schoolmen, could indite an ode, gallant a mistress, chastise the insolence of a rival, and do almost any thing short of jumping down his own throat. But the Duke, not content with being the “foremost man in all the world,” must needs excel himself; it was not sufficient to be accounted the greatest tormentor of his species, except Napoleon, since the days of Tamerlane, and such worthies—as a disturber of mankind he had no equal, and it is to be hoped never will; no man could play chess on a field with him, and as for ridding England of *superfluous poor*, why one of his demands on the disinterested cabinet, of which his brother was a leading member, did more in that respect than all the twaddle of Malthusians, emigration-speechifiers, preventive-check prozers, and redundant population-mongers, that ever sent their readers or hearers asleep. Notwithstanding the multitudinous coruscations that flamed from his many-gemmed brow, still did this self-diffident personage thirst for some object worthy of being grappled by his Briarean-handed genius. His prototype in arms, “Philip’s warlike son,” had the consolation of imagining new worlds after exhausting the old; but unfortunately steamers and air-balloons have rendered El Dorados not very plentiful commodities in the Duke’s days; and so, having intimated his entire dissent from the opinions of the present time, he has taken to Oxford and the ancients. Don Giovanni’s arrival on the confines of the Erebus is reported to have considerably disturbed the equanimity of Pluto, and the subordinate demons; but the classical Arcadians who recline on the banks of the Isis, and imagine that every one dwelling beyond its waters is nobody, not only received that portentous personage, the Duke of Wellington, without any manifestations of fear, but have hailed his arrival as the advent of events redounding wondrously to the honour of Alma Mater. The big ones of the college distended into giants; the

A. M.s, in their own opinion, were more than half bishops already ; the A. B.s had each ceased to be ASS ; while the small fry erudition, the embryo fathers in God, succeeded in persuading themselves into the belief that they were at length somebodies. Certain difficulties would stare ordinary individuals in the face as to the propriety of all this exultation, considering that his Grace was not exactly a walking library, and did not carry a cyclopædia on his tongue's end. The Duke was never particularly remarkable for any extraordinary proficiency in the English language, from whence it might be reasonably inferred that he could not be quite at home in the pompous phraseology of Quintillian or Tully. But what of that? surely a man who could carry a French redoubt, or an Indian outpost, would not be impeded by the cheveux-de-frise of Latin rhetoricians and advocates. Nor was he. The Prince of Waterloo disdained to speak the Latin of old Rome, when it was far more convenient to speak the Latin of Apsley house. He evinced a very judicious taste in regarding with proper contempt the *quantity* of the blarney he had to utter ; and being a straight-forward man he did not see the utility of having *short feet* and *long feet* in his discourse, when all the feet could be made of equal length. The undergraduates and the pedagogues were absolutely beside themselves, so charmed were they at the good sense of their erudite chancellor. They gave innumerable groans and countless hisses for such despicable creatures as dissenters and London University men, who are absurd enough to follow the old path in the attainment of the classics. What an overwhelming enthusiasm must all the actors in this glorious exhibition have experienced ! There was the Duke of Wellington, whose name is associated indelibly with events that new modeled the destinies of millions, whose fame is as vast and indestructible as the ocean, the thunders of whose career will reverberate in the ears of succeeding generations till time shall cease ; there was the conqueror of the conqueror of Europe, the ex-premier of England, a man whom kings have contended to honour ; there was this personage (as if in very mockery of himself and his insane adulators), in the character of the chancellor of an university, who had to be prompted by the vice-chancellor in the reading of a school-boy's theme ; there stood the victor of Napoleon, uttering a horrid jargon that neither he nor his auditors could make out whether it was a language or not ; there was the hero whom the fire of a thousand battles could not move, intoxicated with the clamour of a few over-grown underlashed amateurs in literature, and the discordant yellings of a couple of dozen of shovel-hatted old women, in unmentionables and cauliflower wigs. The great captain of the age in believing that Oxford is England has outgeneralled himself. 'Tis true the brother of his sovereign, sundry magnates among the aristocracy, various potentials of the church, Sir Charles Wetherall, a gentleman equally distinguished by the length of his harangues and the brevity of his breeches ; and many others took a portion of the ridicule of the exhibition on themselves, and in this respect may have contributed to induce a belief in the mind of the Duke, that popularity is synonymous with the vociferations of bigoted zealots and unshaven intolerants. The delusion is a splendid one, no doubt ; but we opine

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ANTI-POETICS.—Sentiment, if we go on as we have lately been going, must very speedily be placed in the errata page of dictionaries. It must become absolutely unintelligible in a twelve month, and, in fact, it can hardly be said to mean any thing at present. Matter-of-fact rules predominant in our every action—even our very dreams have a business-like air about them. The race of bread-and-butter romances have become unique, as the remains of fossil elephants; and, as for a speculative or enthusiastic boarding-school girl, you might as well hope to find an antideluvian hippopotamus in St. James's Park. A couple of years ago, an exquisite of Waterloo House, who would inquire of his tape-cutting coadjutors "If any gentleman in this establishment had got another gentleman's scissors," would faint at the bare idea of his innamorata sneezing or eating cabbage. A tailor's apprentice then spouted heroics, if he only asked what o'clock it was, and made love to a Cheapside beauty from Manfred or Lalla Rookh. People have now become more refined; but it is wordly refinement, not the exquisite distillations of Minerva press novelists, or any thing of the kind; but a regular, and *business* sort of artificiality. Truly says James Montgomery, "when I am a man is the thought of the child; when I was a child is the thought of the man." What will men, in twenty years time, say about their childhood? Verily, it will be different from what men say now. Alas, it goes through us as a broadside from a three-decker would penetrate a cock-boat, to disturb the airy visionings of the sentimental dreamers of the perfectability of our species. But only think oh poetic reader! of that quintessence of all that's ethereal, that day-dream embodied in humanity, that sylph, that creation of the most intellectual of fancied loveliness, that Rousseau-like conception of imaged woman, Taglioni—only think, we repeat, of this being, whom the *Spectator* designates "the poetry of motion" refusing to give a single spin on her fairy heel (even though the opera-house was filled by the *élite* of the land, including some of the royal family), without being first paid her night's salary. Only fancy such a creature casting a thought upon so contemptible a commodity as money. It's enough to make one forswear excursions to Chelsea, and the ruralities of Putney-bridge, for the remainder of the season. Then again, think of the lessee, poor Laporte's anti-romantic twichings in coming to the foot-lights, and informing ladies and gentlemen, that, for some very strange reason, Mademoiselle Taglioni could not be prevailed upon to dance that evening. To see this sprite come bounding on the stage, like a young antelope, disdaining almost the support of the air she breathed, fit to be one of the elves of Shakspeare, "that on the sands with printless foot, do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him when he comes back," to gaze on her, all life and loveliness and joy; and then to think of her ascending the *outside* of a Holyhead stage coach, on her way to Dublin, wrapped in a driver's box coat; think of that Master Brook, or more sentimental Mr. Tompkins. Is

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there a pit-frequenting Taglioni—adoring Figgins, or a Muggins in existence, matter-of-fact enough to say, that she ought not to have committed herself to the guidance of some devoted dolphin, who would have been but too happy to have piloted her through the glassy bosom of the deep, to “the emerald gem of the western world.” Byron must have had Taglioni in his eye when he said, “She walks the waters like a thing of life.” But to the utter subversion of all that’s poetic, she acted in every respect like a Bloomsbury lady’s maid, travelled on the outside of a coach, eat beefsteaks on the road—and oh, hideous! washed them down her angelic æsophagus with half-and-half.

PROVINCIAL PROFUNDITY.—Some one somewhere truly remarks that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Metropolitans properly so called, to prevent misconception we had better say cockneys—have but faint notions of the difficulties by which their rustic brethren are beset on all sides. Crown-and-Anchor petitioners may delude themselves with the idea of sometimes having pretty considerable botheration in procuring signatures; but it is for Welshmen alone to talk of obstacles and impediments in the way of the completion of such enterprizes as the filling up of Tory memorials. The *Merthyr Guardian* published in the county of Brecon, in the principality of Wales, says that a petition relative to the maintenance of the connection of church and state, received a great many signatures in a short time, notwithstanding—what? Now, reader, there is a poser. We know what answer is on your lips. “Notwithstanding the unprecedented excitement of an unparalleled political commotion, incidental to an unequalled contest for this county.” No such thing; don’t suppose that such trivial matters would excite any astonishment in the mind of the editor of the *Merthyr Guardian*. Guess again. “Notwithstanding the deplorable mortality occasioned by the awful dispensation of Divine Providence in this county.” Very far from the mark; the people of Merthyr are not to be disturbed by occurrences of this nature. Another trial. “Notwithstanding the multifarious avocations which the circumstances of the times render it imperative on the inhabitants of this county——” Stop, stop, wandering and most mistaken reader. The people of the aforesaid county of Brecon never find things too multifarious for their universal genius. What, then, can this astonishing difficulty be, that the *Merthyr Guardian* does not think it too contemptible to be mentioned? Notwithstanding what? why what ordinary mortals could never dream of.—“*Notwithstanding the mountainous state of the country!*!”

A RIDDLE RESOLVED.—A few weeks since, a report of a speech, said to have been delivered by his Majesty to certain canonical worthies, and very expressive of the determination of our sovereign lord to resist all interference with the honey-pots of the church, appeared in the *Standard*, and excited considerable attention. As the speech was a yarn of many fathoms, and spoken *only* in the presence of the bishops, serious fears were, we understand, entertained least

the fathers would supplant the "fourth estate;" in reporting in the upper house sundry disciples of Gurney, Mavor, Harding, and others, illustrious in stenographic glory, had occasional misgivings as to the stability of their engagements with the daily illuminators of the public; for his Majesty's speech was given with a fidelity and accuracy (evinced by inter-evidence), that none but consummate masters of the mystic art could hope to rival. Who was the ghostly reporter on the occasion none could decidedly say. Some hinted at the Bishop of London; but then the speech never alluded in the remotest degree to the Greek tragedies, and of course Dr. Bloomfield would not waste his time on English. Others intimated that his lordship of Exeter might have been the man; but then the unexampled charity and christian toleration of Dr. Philpotts at once repudiated the notion of that benignant prelate ever lending himself to the propagation of sentiments so sectarian as those contained in the royal harangue. However, waving all further speculation, it now appears that this goody effusion is a regular birth-day oration, spoken *verbatim et literatim* on all similar occasions for the last three years, and no doubt will be repeated as often as needs be for the future. It had become a household discourse at length, like the creed of Athanasius, or any other tolerant and Christian orison, for the general good of all God's creatures. It had become tedious as a "thrice-told-tale," and if the king could not recite it off-hand, the bishops could, so there ends the mystery.

MEMS. FOR A NOVELIST.—Ups and downs are the order of the day; irregularity is the only thing regular, and it is upon uncertainty alone we can calculate with any degree of certainty. Quondam counts, ex-peers, and the like, are now to be seen as though it were nothing to have once been a gentleman; and we notice with the greatest indifference men wheeling coal-trucks who once were wheeled in landaus and four. On the 25th of last month, Joseph Garnett Hayne, Esq., was liberated from the Bench; and though his petition was filed in January, being unable to meet his attorney's bill, he was detained in durance vile until May. Who does not remember Hayne and his glories in 1824-5? Hayne the gallant, the wild, the wealthy, the prodigal—who rode more horses than Ducrow, gave better dinners than Sefton, made more love-letters than D'Orsay, and, in short, did every thing better than every body. Hayne, the occupant of a prison, because he could not discharge the miserable demands of a miserable attorney. Hayne, who presented Miss Foote with five thousand pounds' worth of jewellery and shawls—who was cast in damages to the amount of three thousand at the suit of the aforesaid lady, and paid one thousand for law expenses incidental to the aforesaid suit. Hayne, reduced to the beggarly allowance of a banker's clerk. *O terque! quaterque!* Oh, three times and four times calamitous conglomeration of catastrophes! In the name of the prophet, "Figs!" appears a very rodomontading hyperbole in the mouth of a circumcised vender of fruits: but surely Mahomet and the figs are not less distantly allied than poverty and Hayne. In 1823, he (not the vicegerant of Alla) attained his majority, and obtained one hundred and

sixty-two thousand pounds. One hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds—enough to buy up all the principos, milords, and magnificos, from the summit of the Albruzzi to the bottom of the Tiber, and one half the whiskered Yahoos of Magdeburg or Donkeyburg, or any other burg from the Elbe to the Vistula, into the bargain. Ah me! how changed from that Hayne who returned from race-courses and ball-rooms clad in pea-green, betting thousands that the name of Foote should no longer be a *standing* joke, as he would walk forthwith to the hymeneal altar, and thence take the fatal leap. Never were such materials for the exuberant imaginations of our fashionable novelists to run riot in. And the fair recipient of his elegant trinkets, too, turned into a countess, with the harmonious trisyllable of Harrington at the end of Maria! Hayne in a debtor's prison, and his lady-love in a peer's arms. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

PROVING A NEGATIVE.—Our claret-bibbing legislators of the lower house, are determined to make the poor peasantry and labourers of England the most moral population in the universe. The gentlemen who lounge away an evening at Bellamy's, until the moment of their being called to say yes or no, on a subject about which they know nothing, cannot by any possible contortion of ideas, conceive why it is that a man who toils from sunrise to sunset should be desirous of drinking a mug beer, while he can procure a mug of water from a ditch. When a certain French princess heard that her subjects were starving, she expressed her surprise that people should remain hungry when "such nice cakes might be had for a franc." Our law-makers, with the most unbounded regard for the morality of clodpoles, set their faces altogether against the consumption of beer in rural districts; but then the profound wisdom with which they frame enactments for that purpose, cannot but extort the admiration even of those who suffer most by this species of philanthropy. It would look tyrannical to prohibit the sale of the poor man's drink *in toto*, therefore beer shops are not absolutely prohibited; but then beer must not be drank in those premises with the landlord's consent. The application of this is marvellously edifying:—a man goes into one of those humble dispensaries of refreshment, and calls for a glass of the only beverage his means will allow him to procure. His host hands it to him, and it is immediately dispatched to irrigate the thirsty sinuosities of his expectant umbles. The landlord stands aghast—an outrage against the laws has been perpetrated on the premises—fines, and the abstraction of licence, stare the affrighted Boniface in all their appalling horrors. An emetic, or the stomach pump, is the only process by which to compel the droughty malefactor disgorge the henious draught, and this is alike impracticable and distasteful. Here then is an interesting case for the county shallows to exercise their unpaid sagacity upon. A law exists which declares the consumption of beer on the premises to be illegal, but then the landlord did not authorize, by his assent, such consumption. Can the landlord be punished for a crime he did not commit and could not prevent, or is the law to be violated with impunity, because land-

lords will not erect walls to knock their heads against? This is legislating after a fashion certainly! To hear beardless Solons and whiskered Dracos, night after night, descanting on the manifold evils of allowing the poor to drink beer, and moralizing with all the fervour of after-dinner devotion upon the unrighteousness of not driving our agricultural population headlong to heaven "nilly-willy," as the sapient squirearchy have it, one would imagine that, previous to the anti-monopoly act of the last administration, such a thing as crime in England was as rare as unicorns or sea-serpents. We never hear of such a thing as Game Laws having a demoralizing tendency; the rural magistracy are one and all enlightened, upright, disinterested, and humane, albeit they occasionally imprison children of eight years for crossing a hedge to pick up an errant straw-hat, or the like; and as for the policy of first denying people a market for their labour, and then forcing them to buy at the highest price the means of subsisting—why, it would be absurd to contend that such a measure is not pre-eminently sagacious. It would become Lord Althorp better, if he restricted his "gallant friends," the fribbles of the club-rooms, to such topics as billiards and kid gloves; for we can assure those chivalrous explorers of the Virginia waters, that an intimacy with Pall Mall and the Horse Guards is not the only requisite for the formation of statesmen.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT!—Paganini has been again delighting us with his unapproachable excellencies, but so easily are we surfeited with wonder that this Orpheus, whom two years ago all England was in a ferment to hear, played on this occasion, both in London and in the provinces, to almost empty benches. We heartily deplore this egregious revulsion in the public taste, and have puzzled ourselves to account for it in vain; sometimes we surmised that his bills of fare, being unrelieved by the presentation of novelty, might operate to his disadvantage, as few are musical enough to sit for hours in a theatre without being weary of fiddling, even though it were Paganini's. Again we thought that certain reminiscences of his illiberality in money matters grated somewhat sorely on the minds of our extra-moral loving public; and, in short, we had divers conflicting cogitations with which we do not purpose to acquaint our readers. Fortunately we stumbled upon a Liverpool journal, which, in the opinion of its worthy editor, supersedes all other publications in critical acumen, variety of information, and innumerable other qualifications, much too tedious to mention; and there were all our doubts and scepticism put to instantaneous rout, even as the ghost of Creusa vanished into the air. Paganini did not *draw*—not because he had ceased to be a novelty—not because he was less charitable than John Bull could wish him—not because he did not diversify his entertainments—not for any of these reasons, but because—(hear it, ye angels, and weep)—because "he played occasionally *out of tune!!*" Conceive this self-sufficient booby, this amphibious Zoilus, pronouncing upon a thing about which he evidently knows as much as he does of the topography of the dog-star. Paganini playing out of tune!—"To what base uses have we come at last, Horatio!"

KING LOG V. KING STORK.—Lord Aberdeen's particular and very amiable friend Don Carlos, has conferred the honour of his dignified presence upon the good people of Portsmouth. It is somewhat singular that Sir F. Maitland should have been the individual who received Napoleon in the Basque Roads, after that dazzling luminary had run his fitful career, and should also have the questionable honour of now receiving the Spanish despot, under almost similar circumstances. The Spanish people, in throwing off the splendid despotism of Bonaparte, shackled themselves with the despicable thralldom of an embroiderer of petticoats, and thereby "gained a loss," as the Irishman remarked, when a coach run over his leg and did not break his neck. They have now got rid of Carlos, and it will be well if in putting away Log, they don't get Stork. Already has the queen regent indicated what her notions of liberty are, in fettering the publication of opinion by all manner of restrictions on the press; and this—one of the very first acts of the new government—certainly does not impress us with any very sanguine anticipations as to the clemency that will be afforded to the slightest deviation from legitimate subserviency and baseness. In Portugal the people had Stork for a King—him they have got rid of, and now have King Shark. Never surely were people so plagued as are those of the Peninsula—out of the frying-pan into the fire is their only alternative!

PEACEFUL COMMOTION.—The press is eternally harping on the idea of silencing O'Connell with a place under government. He has wealth, political power, gratified vanity, and present and posthumous fame: and yet it is contended that he would sacrifice all these, and render his person hateful to his supporters, for the empty distinction of being called *Sir Daniel*, and enjoying the emoluments of a judge! Ministers had the power to shake the hold of their dexterous opponent on the passions and prejudices of his countrymen, by removing the causes that have led the Irish to repose confidence in all who promise to redress their wrongs. But what have ministers done? they have disgusted their most time-serving tools by a barefaced and insolent avowal of their intention to renew the atrocious Coercion Act, and have provoked the laughter and indignant scorn of every man in his senses, by their criminally absurd demand for a commission to inquire if the Irish Church is not what it ought to be. Their conduct, in this respect, became nauseous even to themselves, so much so, that splittings and divisions have been the natural consequence. Ireland has been the bitter drop in the cup of successive administrations, and has been the ruin of this. Thus are the wrongs of that unfortunate scapegoat of doating and empirical statesmen, made the avengers of themselves. The Grey cabinet never can carry a motion for the renewal of the Coercion Bill, and certainly cannot hold office if that question be mooted at all. Success is out of the most sanguine hopes of their most degraded followers, and failure entails unavoidable resignation. In either case, the field for O'Connell is open, and must ever remain so while timidity, rashness, and irresolution, are the component parts of a British ministry.

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PHYSIOGNOMY FOUNDED ON PHYSIOLOGY. BY ALEXANDER WALKER.
SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

WE cannot convey our sense of the merits of this singular book to the reader in better language perhaps than that of Mr. Walker, in speaking of the pretensions of French writers. "First we find out that it does not contain quite as much as we expected, and next it would be difficult to say what precise addition we have made to our knowledge by reading it." This, it will be said, is very indefinite phraseology. And so we admit it to be; but in truth it is the most precise we can find. Astrology and physiognomy are looked upon with equal respect by very many in the scientific and literary world. And though phrenology may rank rather more adherents, we suspect that the whole three are regarded as very silly pursuits by nine out of every ten individuals who know what these *ologies* and *onomies* mean. However strong this prejudice may be, we promise the most inveterate railer against the science (if science he will deign to call it) of physiognomy, that Mr. Walker's book will amply repay the time expended in perusing it. It is in many respects a very strange composition. The author is not the least influenced by an enthusiasm for the doctrine of facial erudition; not all solicitous to enlist the feelings of the reader for or against such divination. He looks upon the subject with the most philosophical placidity, demonstrates (to our entire satisfaction) the absurdity of many of the leading dogmas of Gall—establishes principles, a deviation from which he does not account absolute heterodoxy, and modestly concludes with saying that these principles are to be taken merely as indications of inclination or likings, rather than undeniable rules by which to decide character. Physiognomy *per se*, does not occupy the greater portion of this volume. There is much new and recondite knowledge scattered through it, and the remarks of the author are at once the most charitable and poignant that we have read for many a day. He demolishes the theories of the craniologists with the most perfect mastery, and at the same time without the slightest indication of being at all disturbed in his work of destruction. Like the sword of Harmodius, covered with flowers, he compliments while he wounds; nor is he at all desirous of personal exaltation because of his enemy being prostrated. We might dispute Mr. Walker's facts as to the origin of the British population; but as our space would allow at most but a single tilt in the lists of historical disputation, we will e'en let our critical lance remain in its rest. An outline of an analysis of the English, Scotch, and Irish character, together with a few other papers on similar subjects, he tells us, he communicated to Blackwood's Magazine in 1829. In a population so extremely subdivided and mixed up as is that of these islands, we cannot recognize

those distinguishing traits of individuality upon which Mr. Walker so learnedly descants, though we by no means deny his premises or his inferences, which are supported with much ingenuity, not to say ability. But we contend that our author makes no allowance for the influence of circumstances in the formation of national character, which, in our opinion, is an oversight that considerably militates against the force of his arguments. There are two papers in this volume which would redound to the honour of any writer in the kingdom, however elevated: one on the character of the French, and the other a comparison of the Romans of the present day with the Romans of old. The first is a very searching scrutiny into the fashionable foibles of our sprightly neighbours, which our countrymen, and more particularly our countrywomen, are so absurdly ambitious of rivalling. The second is a truly powerful and philosophical disquisition upon the splendid villanies of the ancient Romans (who have ever been held up to the youth of the modern world as prodigies of virtue, albeit they were the most thorough-going scoundrels in the universe), and the despicable vices of the priest-ridden Italians. Comparisons are proverbially odious; but though we do not say it in an invidious sense, Mr. Walker is one of the very few Scotch writers who are free from the "caw-me-caw-thee" mania of seeing nothing but heroism north of the Tweed. We have already recorded our dissent from his reasoning on the popular character of British subjects, but we must say that his observations on the virtues and vices of each county are characterized by the greatest fairness and impartiality. "Physiognomy" is a very elegantly got up volume—unique and appropriate—handsomely illustrated, and in every respect a singularly valuable book. The reading of it has afforded us much pleasure, and, as a set-off for the gratification, we heartily recommend it to the attentive perusal of our readers.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE. SMITH, ELDER & Co.

THE twelfth volume of this favourite series of fiction is entitled "The Jesuit," being a translation from the German of Spindle. The disciples of Loyola, at no time in particularly good odour with the people of any country, were about the beginning of the eighteenth century under more than ordinary disfavour in most parts of the Continent; and the volume under notice is an exposition of the subtleties of a portion of their order, located in a leading mercantile town of the empire, to keep alive the almost expiring embers of that spirit which those wily doctors have never been slow to turn to their own aggrandisement. The story has the merit of being undisfigured by those prodigious demands on our credibility which German writers in this line are so prone to make. We have none of those irreconcilable blendings of earthly and unearthly agencies which this school of romancers make such a point of in the development of their plots; and although in "The Jesuit" there are sundry "singular coincidences," as the gentlemen of the newspapers say, we are not on that account induced to attribute to the author an excess of that description of narration bordering on the barely possible. Portions of the exhibition

of domestic disquietude in the family of the heroine of the tale, are to our minds a little overcharged, but so very minute an objection is submerged in the exceedingly graphic delineation of the old merchant, her father, and the passive but indomitable devotion of one of the aspirants to her favour. In the latter portion of the volume events are crowded like sheep in a pen-fold, and are consummated with such rapidity, as not to allow of any very minute dissertation as to the manner of their being effected. This to many who are impatient of digression, however trifling, will be a pleasing feature in the book; and on the whole we think it quite equal to any one of the preceding volumes of the series.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC ON BEHALF OF THE JEWS, WITH CONSIDERATIONS ON THE POLICY OF REMOVING THEIR CIVIL DISABILITIES. EFFINGHAM WILSON.

A VERY able and well-written pamphlet, evincing sound judgment, and considerable research. Every advocate, and every opponent of Jewish Emancipation, would do well to read it. They cannot have a more eligible opportunity of investing eighteen-pence than in the purchase of the fifty-nine pages before us.

EGYPT AND MOHAMMED ALI; OR TRAVELS IN THE VALLEY OF THE NILE. BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. 2 VOLS. LONGMAN & Co.

MR. ST. JOHN is well known in the literary world. His various works have earned for him a respectable reputation. He is favourably known, among his other works, as the author of a "Three Years' Residence in Normandy," which appeared in "Constable's Miscellany." The present volumes give ample proof that he is an intelligent traveller, and a pleasant writer. His great fault is, that he is too prone to advance hypothesis for every thing he sees in his journeyings, instead of confining himself, as he ought to do, to a description of those deserts. In general he displays considerable learning in the instances we refer to; whether his notions are as correct as they are ingenious, is another question; but whether they are or are not, startling paradoxes and original hypothesis are out of place in such a work as this. It contains, however, a great deal of valuable information respecting the present condition of Egypt, and the character of Mohammed Ali—a personage who is not only interesting inasmuch as he now occupies the throne on which the Pharaohs once sat, but also for the influence for good or ill which he can exert over the destinies of so many myriads of people. The following is the account he gives of himself:—

"I will tell you a story: I was born in a village in Albania, and my father had ten children, besides me, who are all dead; but, while living, not one of them ever contradicted me. Although I left my native mountains before I attained to manhood, the principal people in the place never took any step in the business of the commune, without previously inquiring what was my pleasure. I came to this country an obscure adventurer, and when I was yet but a *bimbashi* (captain), it happened one day that

the commissary had to give each of the binbashis a tent. They were all my seniors, and naturally pretended to a preference over me ; but the officer said,—‘Stand you all by ; this youth, Mohammed Ali shall be served first.’ And I *was* served first ; and I advanced step by step, as it pleased God to ordain ; and now here I am—(rising a little on his seat, and looking out of the window which was at his elbow, and commanded a view of the Lake Mareotis)—and now here I am. I never had a master,—(glancing his eye at the roll containing the *imperial firman*).”

CONVERSATIONS ON THE TEETH. BY H. HAYWARD. BOWDERY AND KIRBY.

MANY volumes, we believe hundreds, have been written upon the structure and diseases of the teeth, and upon the prevention and cure of that most agonizing pain the toothache ; but most of the works that have fallen under our review have been rather addressed to, or, more properly speaking, written for surgeons and dentists, than for the benefit of the public at large. These “Conversations on the Teeth” have no such restrictive object ; they appear to us to emanate from a liberal desire in the author to impart useful information to all, and to guard his readers from quackery and false assumption of scientific knowledge, of which there is perhaps as much in the dental as in any other profession.

The work is well written, the style is clear and intelligible, and entirely devoid of mystery. We are convinced that it may be read and the instructions it contains followed to much advantage. We hope our young friends in particular will avail themselves of the directions given in the care and management of the teeth.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

THIS stout little volume comprises two tales, each of which, if treated after the ordinary fashion, would make three goodly volumes, and yet be just as full of interest as the majority of the most lauded novels of the season. The first story is entitled “The Convict’s Daughter.” The early scenes remind us much of Mr. Galt’s political novel, “The Member.”—it is replete with the dry humour and caustic observation which have made that gentleman’s production so popular. Louisa Henderson, the heroine of the story, and daughter of a gentleman condemned to death on circumstantial evidence for the murder of a person to whom he was professionally opposed, is a very beautifully portrayed character of a devoted girl, to whom all considerations of self are foreign, and whose sole happiness is to minister to the wants of her mother, who is rendered an idiot through grief at the undeserved condemnation of her husband. The parting between Louisa and her father, previous to his trial, if inferior in high-wrought description, is certainly quite equal in all other respects to the celebrated scene of a similar kind in Eugene Aram. The second tale is called “The Convert’s Daughter,” being the narration of the persecution of Jane, daughter of Admiral Latimer, who has been converted to the absurd belief and practices of the sect called Ranters, and insists upon his child marrying the gloomy fanatic who had induced him to leave

the bosom of his peaceful church. We would willingly dwell upon the merits of this book, a pleasanter one than which we have not read since "Maxwell" disturbed our gravity. In both the stories we have mentioned, a dissenting preacher figures as one of the principal personages. The first of these gentlemen is very elaborately delineated, by no means caricatured, but certainly a most laughter-provoking worthy—laughable, not from any innate fun in his composition, but from his self-satisfaction and entire admiration of his own prowess. He rejoiced in the cognomen of Illingham, was one of those countless uniques who are born ready taught,—was so very wise that he knew not what ignorance meant except by report; he had the satisfaction of believing all regularly-educated men to be profound blockheads; never met with a difficulty or stumbled over an objection in the whole course of his life; had a great admiration for "*genius*" (every uproarious zany consoles himself with the notion that his braying is the harmonious breathings of "*inspiration*" and "*genius*"); and was so tremendously enlightened that he could discover the meaning of a proposition as soon as started, or before, for that matter. His intellect was of the *veni, vidi, vici* order, and no more need be said. This character, though apparently so very novel on paper, will be found to be but too easily recognized in the most ordinary life. In the second preacher we have one of those miserable compounds of atrocity and idiotcy who are also unfortunately but too numerous in many parts of England we could mention, and whose furious and impious devotion (if we can so speak) is more rapidly undermining the religious feelings of our peasantry than all other circumstances put together. The wild zeal and dolorous folly of those tumultuous batterers at heaven's gate—those assaulters of the Godhead—those insane clamourers and outrageous bellowers for salvation for one, and damnation for thousands—are rapidly propelling the minds of our agricultural poor into the opposite extreme; and who can say but such is a very natural sequence? We recommend such of our readers as are ignorant of those matters, to read "*Trials and Triumphs*." In addition to much sentiment, exquisitely conveyed, without any of its insufferable namby-pambyisms, this volume contains much sound and interesting information in the development of characters not very familiar to the book-reading public of the metropolis. The author indirectly lets us into a knowledge of his political opinions, which we recognise to be Toryist in his ridicule of liberality. However, he is a very unobtrusive stickler for old abuses, and in his pleasantry and *naïveté* we forget his politics, and merely recommend him not to be too much given to the use of such jargon as "*locust swarms of political economists*."

POEMS, SACRED, DRAMATIC, AND LYRIC. BY MARY ANN CURSHAM, AUTHORESS OF "*NORMAN ABBEY*," &c. LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.

IF, passion, feeling, pathos, elegance, and grace are required to the conformation of a poet—then assuredly Miss Cursham may take a high place among her "*Sister Muses*"—she has taken nature for her

guide, and simplicity for her model. Need the reader, therefore, wonder that she has written verses like the following? She is addressing "A departed Spirit"—that fair spirit, we believe, which was a "light from Heaven" to BYRON—the "Mary" of his fondest dreams:

"Lov'd one! round thy sainted shrine
Wreaths of many colour'd hues,
Blossoms of the tuneful Nine,
Bath'd in love's regretful dews,
Sad I fling—from the dark bier
I summon thee—a sister muse,
Waking each slumbering thought divine—
Sweet spirit—hear!

"From that voice of dulcet tone
Linked numbers never fell,
Yet, around each note was thrown
Taste and feeling's vital spell!
Thee—the God of sacred fire
Never woo'd by stream or dell,
'Twas thy death-struck heart alone
Echo'd his lyre.

BROTHER TRAGEDIANS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

Miss Hill has certainly done more to place the character of an actor in an amiable and pleasing light than any author we know of. She has done much for "the profession" and they ought to be duly sensible of the obligation. She has blended together morality and romance in a very charming manner; and, like the author of "Rookwood"—who evidently has a design upon the aspiring spirits of the day, in pointing out to them the glories of high-tobyism—she ennobles the art she evidently admires, and paints it with such a captivating colouring that one is eager to leave the dull realities, and don the sock and buskin incontinently. It would be superfluous now to enter into a detailed account of the points of merit, which are scattered so abundantly throughout the work—in this we have been anticipated by many of our contemporaries; but, as a duty to Miss Hill, it is but just to say that we have rarely perused a work with more satisfaction than "Brother Tragedians," or one that we can more conscientiously recommend for the amusement of our readers.

MY DAUGHTER'S BOOK. LONDON: BALDWIN AND CRADOCK.

This truly elegant manual of feminine erudition and accomplishment has been already greeted with the almost unanimous approbation of our critical brethren; and we can safely affirm few books of the kind have been better entitled to so extended a celebrity. *My Daughter's Book* is the production of the Author of the *Young Gentleman's Book*; together they form an Encyclopædia of Elementary Knowledge, that in every well-educated family must facilitate the attainment of general information, and be alike acceptable to the teachers and the taught.

MUSIC.

SING HEY ! FOR THE BOTTLE : THAT UNSURPASSED GEM ! WORDS
BY EDWARD LANCASTER. COMPOSED BY WM. KIRBY. GEORGE
AND MANBY.

This is decidedly one of his the best bacchanalian songs we ever heard. The composer is evidently a first-rate musician, by his skillful arrangement of the subject. The air is wedded to the words as completely as if the same thought had breathed both ; and the chorus has an expression of joyousness, irresistible to the "jolly companion." We subjoin a verse of the song :—

"I will tell you a tale, that was well-known of old—
But first let me see bumpers mounting,
For wine, to a tale, warms the bosom that's cold,
When mix'd with the heart's purple fountain!—
Once the Gods form'd a ring—'twas a talisman rare—
A bright crimson gem its cynosure,
Where Love lay concealed, ev'ry breast to ensnare,
And brilliants form'd the enclosure.—
Now hey ! for the bottle : that unsurpassed gem !
Sing ho ! for the wine's ruby blushes.
Hurrah ! for the circle around it, and then—
Three cheers for rich wit's sparkling gushes !"

THE MUSIC BOOK OF BEAUTY. A SUMMER ANNUAL.
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, AND SMITH AND CO.

One of the most splendid productions we have ever seen, even in the bright world of Music. It is positively dazzling, and casts the entire host of annuals into shade. The poetry is by Edmund Smith, a gentleman who has been successfully before the public as a lyric poet ; and the music is by Barnett, Bishop, and the very best of our musicians—containing some of their happier efforts.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

IN addition to the hackneyed routine of *La Gazza Ladra*, *Il Barbiere*, *Otello*, with which, notwithstanding their beauties, the ear is almost wearied, Laporte produced for his benefit a new work of Rossini—*L'Assedio di Corinto*. When we say new, we do not mean it to be understood that the music has hitherto been unknown. It is, in fact, a "*rifacciamento*" of the month. The general character of the opera is, as the very title would import, military—a style particularly adapted to the genius of Rossini, and accordingly he has indulged himself in his *forte* for wind instruments, not forgetting trumpets and drums ; but at the same time, though some parts may be considered sufficiently noisy, still, on the whole, the opera is well worthy of the high reputation of its author. The concerted pieces, in particular, are very effective, and were admirably given by Grisi,

Rubini, Ivanoff, and Tamburini. In the course of the performance the former introduced a scene written for her by Costa, a very spirited and brilliant composition, which was splendidly sang and rapturously applauded. The only other novelty has been the Rosina of Grisi. As a character it does not afford much scope for acting, but she contrived to infuse into it a piquancy and grace peculiarly her own. A more charming Rosina we have never seen. Her sudden transition from indignant sorrow to unaffected delight when she discovers the slanderous calumnies of Doctor Bartolo, and that Leodoro and Almavina are the same person, and the mingled expression of grateful affection checked by maidenly delicacy with which she gave herself to her lover, were exquisite points, both of feeling and acting. Strange that such soul could not inspire Rubini with the slightest particle of animation. We confess we were hardly satisfied with her Rodes' variations, though in common with the whole house we felt the unaffected good nature with which she complied with the wishes for its repetition. It is a style of singing which may be very well as an exercise for the voice, but which is unworthy of Grisi's powers. She is in every way far superior to the mere musical automaton, however perfect that may be. Tamburini was the Figaro, full of life and energy, perhaps approaching a little to buffoonery. But we are cold-blooded Englishmen, and therefore do not venture a positive opinion on the more mercurial natures of warmer climates.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Morris has opened his attractive summer theatre with a star from the north. Mr. Vandenhoff made his appearance some years ago—certainly under disadvantageous circumstances—and he did not meet with the support to which his talents entitled him. Mr. Morris, who is as good a judge of theatrical talent as any man in England, has given him another chance; and the result has been, that the manager's opinion has been quite right. Mr. Vandenhoff has met with a most gratifying reception. He has yet only played in the few standing characters; but in so finished a manner, that, excepting, of course, Macready, shews he has no rival to fear in originality but Elton. Mr. Morris has likewise brought forward a Miss Harrington, a very pretty girl; and if properly encouraged, will become a pleasant actress.

Vauxhall has commenced the season most prosperously, with galas and brilliant fetes of all kinds; besides a unique and pleasing exhibition of the situation of Captain Ross at the North Pole, conveying a better idea of the position of the gallant navigator, than all the books and prints to which the subject has given occasion.

Among the many exhibitions of merit which are worthy of notice, Mr. Burford's Panorama of New York stands out conspicuously. Nothing conveys so vivid an idea of a city as a panoramic view—where in addition to the pictorial delusion, the advantage of situation gives it an advantage over every other mode of representation. This is about one of the best of Mr. Burford's efforts, and he richly deserves all the patronage he enjoys.